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The Critic

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1893

Literature

"The Simple Adventures of a Mem sahib"

By Sarah Jeannette Duncan (Mrs. Cotes). \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.

A HANDBOOK of the usages of Calcutta society, with a trip to the hills, written as a narrative of the doings of Mr. and Mrs. Browne—such is, shortly described, "The Simple Adventures of a Mem sahib." There are a few chapters on the usual manner of becoming a Mem sahib, by marriage, with incidental description of the trip out to India; but the author begins her real task with the actual wedding in the Calcutta cathedral at four in the afternoon, with one ex-Commissioner, two black crows and a Member of Council in the company, and singing by Eurasian choir-boys and mynas in the casuarina trees. It continues with casual references, sometimes three or four in a sentence, to ox-gharries, khansamahs, box-wallahs, mussalchies, moorghy, dhol-bat and office baboos. After some pages of this, the reader is supposed to be able to comprehend a description, in English-Hindustani and Hindoo-English, of a house-hunting expedition, in which Mrs. Browne is informed by her consort of Calcutta prices, which appear to be very high, and accommodations, which, in the ideal house, consist mainly of space and fresh air. The two secure such a house and compound, all frescoed pink, and with a bahadur, an Australian jockey, a rajah and a bustee for neighbors; and then they set off to the Bow Bazar to buy second-hand furniture. The furniture, also, is dear, though the knowing Mr. Browne offers one-third and pays but half of what is asked. But the new Mrs. Browne begins to get an insight into Calcutta economics only when her servants are marshalled before her—the bearer, or majordomo, who is responsible for the crowd; the kitmutgar, who waits at table and must therefore be a Mohammedan; the cook, a Moog from Chittagong; the mussalchi, or dish-washer; the mallie, or gardener, a Brahman and a gentleman, who gets his flowers by arrangement with other mallies from other people's gardens; the syce, or groom; the dhoby, or washerman; the bheesty, or water-carrier; the sweeper, who is very low caste, and the ayah. This, however, is not all the household, for each of these persons has relatives, friends and acquaintances out of work, who come to talk and to see what they may pick up. They quickly find out the extent of the Brownes' income, and spend their leisure in cooking their accounts so that all of it may be expended among them and their friends. Otherwise they are a patient, unobtrusive and fairly efficient lot, and the Brownes do not have to eat toast that has been held before the fire by the cook's toes, nor drink milk that has been strained through a loin-cloth. Infinitely worse than the servants is the office-baboo, who has been educated by the Government to thrust Europeans out of employment; and worse than the baboo is the globe-trotter, who, being neither hammer nor anvil, neither master nor servant, has no place in India; and worst of all globe-trotters is the investigating Member of Parliament, who actually consorts with baboos, much better educated and cleverer than he, in his anxiety to create in India a middle class like that to which he belongs. Miss Duncan shares fully Mr. Kipling's sentiments in regard to the Parliamentary globe-trotter; but, whether through fairness or a refinement of malice, the impression she leaves of the English in India is almost as unpleasant as that which she gives of the baboos and the globe-trotters. Her characters are mostly very worthy persons; but they are not in India for the good of the natives, nor yet for their own moral and intellectual advancement. The last state even of her mem sahib is much worse than the first. She has lost, we are told, her complexion, her good temper, her simplicity of dress and manners. She does not

emulate the disreputable fair ones of Mr. Kipling's stories, but she rules over her husband's bachelor friends, crosses her knees in a low chair, has acquired nerves, and some petulance, and a self-assertive chin. "Without being actually slangy, she"—uses the language in which Miss Duncan's book is written; and domesticity has slipped away from her into the dusky hands of her servants.

"Craik's English Prose"

Selections, with Critical Introductions by Various Writers, and General Introductions to Each Period. Edited by Henry Craik. Vol. I. Fourteenth to Sixteenth Century. \$1.10. Macmillan & Co.

HOW HOPELESS at first sight looks the subject of "English Prose" or "English Poetry"! We contemplate acres of folios and miles of lines, and no plough or plummet-line of ours can, unaided, break open the ground or measure the extent of the riches of English intellect in either domain. We turn out either men of one book or men of no book, or—that impossible thing—men of all books—fanatics, ignoramuses or bibliomaniacs. But, one day, the happy discovery of division of labor, of specialization of works, comes to our help, and we are saved from suffocation in the Tarpeian wealth of tomes, by Prof. Ward and his collaborators and now by the veteran *littérateur* Craik and his staff. These gentlemen boldly venture in among the treasures of English verse and prose, explore the shelves, excerpt the lines, poems or authors most representative of their periods, and ultimately bind up their sheaves in volumes admirably edited, furnished with notes and introductions, each with a small skylight of a biography prefixed to let in light on the subject, and each author chronologically elbowing his neighbor. The result is Ward's "English Poets" and Craik's "English Prose."

One of the most interesting phases of the latter work is the space it gives to the prose of the poets. Generally the poets have been pure and charming in their prose. Milton, Dryden, Gray in his letters, Coleridge in his criticism, Southey in his biographies—not to mention the great Germans and the ambidextrous French—all exemplify this general maxim. But it takes a work like Mr. Craik's to correct the rule and show us, for example, the matchless Chaucer as dull a prose-writer as Gower is a versifier; the same thing will have to be shown hereafter of Pope. One is, after all, secretly delighted that Chaucer could be found dull at anything; alas! there are "Melibeus" and "The Parson's Tale" and "The Astrolabe" to prove it. Spenser wrote admirable prose in his "View of Ireland," and so did Sir Philip Sidney. The varied and brilliant corps of contributors that Mr. Craik has gathered about him work harmoniously, and the result is a surprising luxury of excellent prose-writers between Sir John Mandeville and Timothy Bright (1615). The range of the series (four volumes of the size of "English Poets" for the entire encyclopædia) does not of course admit of long extracts; but the flavor of each writer can be extracted from what is given of him: Wyclif can be judged in his pithy sermons, Malory in his Arthurian translations, Ascham in his archery fad, and Lord Berners in his vivid handling of Froissart. The modernization of the spelling has its *pros* and *cons*; for ourselves we should have preferred pure texts untampered with by editors; others will doubtless rejoice in the elimination of what they consider antiquated or uncouth spellings. The list of specialists who contribute each a widow's mite to the "Selections" includes Gosse, Saintsbury, Churton Collins, Ward, Hales, Minto, Ker and the editor; general introductions to each period illuminate the prose groups as a whole, and each specialist gives a brief word on his particular author.

Early English and Scotch Literature

1. *History of English Literature*. By B. Ten Brink. Trans. by W. C. Robinson. Vol. II., Part I. 2s. H. Holt & Co. 2. *Three Centuries of Scottish Literature*. By H. Walker. 2 vols. 3s. Macmillan & Co.

THIS IS ESSENTIALLY an age which looks into the foundations of things, an age similar to that of Lucretius in its inquiries into the *natura rerum*. History, theology, philosophy, literature are no longer content to sit in Buddha-like calm and merely contemplate: *poē*, that unique Greek monosyllable adopted as the watchword of one of the ancient philosophies, expresses the universal "motion" at the bottom of all things; progress, evolution, change and explicitness, as distinct from stagnation and passivity, are truly the key-words and key-notes of our later harmonies.

None feel this more keenly than the recent historians of literature. Our vision of distant and ancient things has become so sharpened that we see order, harmony, development where formerly only barbarous outlines and huge, unwieldy utterance were visible or audible. The "barbaric yawp," with which English literature begins in the mighty epic of Beowulf, turns out to be not a "yawp" at all, but a varied and wondrous music filled with notes of singular power and even sweetness. What Milton cruelly called the "fights of kites and crows," as exhibited in the remarkable Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, under the master-touch of Stubbs, Freeman, Gardiner and Lappenberg, turns out to be an invaluable record of the growth of a nation's soul. The lack of historic sense in Milton left his mental eye as blind to the meaning of these things as his physical eye to the hills. The ingenious, the developed, the critical spirit of this century is endowed to read microscopically between the ancient lines of poem and homily and chronicle apparently arid, and discover the treasures of ancient life and institution. A race of interpreters has arisen with a distinct office and function, not only to transmit but to explain the "oracles of God." Without such interpreters, all the ancient literatures and histories were virtually sealed books up to the last century, sibylline in their text, vacillating in their meanings, confused in their reports of remote civilizations and contradictory among themselves. Niebuhr, Wolf, Bunsen and Gibbon appeared and were soon followed by Grimm, Schlegel, Bopp, Pott, Burnouf and others—men almost preternaturally endowed to see into and understand antiquity, as other men are physically endowed with a feline power of seeing in the dark. Livy and Homer and the Vedas, mythologies and hitherto unexplained languages yielded to the intent gaze of these men, who proved themselves interpreters indeed, not of the Delphic, but of the uninspired sort, or rather, whose inspiration consisted only in a sublime commonsense—capable of grasping and resolving problems which to others had been inexplicable. English literature shared with others the illuminating attentions of the new school, one of the leaders of which was the Strassburg professor whose work heads our list. The first five hundred years of English thought and writing had always been full of obscurities and difficulties until the German school of interpreters took it in hand under Grein, and began the illustrating process which has now, by the publication of innumerable literary and other works, completely revolutionized the subject and rendered scientific study of the sources practicable, and made possible such men as Prof. Ten Brink.

Part I. of his second volume (1) follows, after some years, the first volume, translated by Prof. Kennedy and in general use in American colleges and libraries. The lamented death of the author a year ago cut off forever the hope of the finished work; but what he has left behind has already founded a school and bequeathed a model which his successors will follow as their true inspiration. He was the greatest of German Chaucer scholars, and the book before us, in Prof. Robinson's excellent English, revised as to facts by Prof. Ten Brink himself, contains the ripest results of the brilliant scholar's zeal and study in this chosen department. Chaucer, however, was but one of the most eminent figures in a goodly fellowship of celebrated men who gave us that early

music to which we still listen with delight. These, Prof. Ten Brink touches with his wand, eliciting their music, showing their coördination with the others and indicating where they belong and whose notes they had learned. And though he devotes nearly 200 of his 339 pages to immortal Geoffrey, he does not neglect Wyclif, with whom he sympathized, or the other great prose-writers of the time, or the miracle and morality drama, or university life at the early Renaissance, or the Italian learning which filtered into England and filled it with the light of Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio.

While all this singing and musical improvisation was going on in the South, Scotland, too, began to warm and waken and "maken melodie." Chaucer was hardly dead before there appeared his Scotch *doppelgänger*, Sir David Lindsay, and a host of Caledonian imitators and border singers. Mr. Walker introduces us in his meritorious volumes (2) to much untrodden ground—"Three Centuries of Scottish Literature" (not "Scots" this time!). He begins at the Reformation with Lindsay and the Wedderburns, George Buchanan and pithy John Knox, and has chapters on popular ballads (in which Scotland has never been surpassed) and earlier songs. The story is continued from Ramsay to Fergusson, through the earlier and later Anglo-Scottish schools of the eighteenth century, down to Burns and Sir Walter, to whom separate chapters are devoted. The remarkable renaissance of Scotch genius from Scott to Stevenson, Lang, Bell Scott, Carlyle and the modern school is not touched, but affords most promising material for a future volume. Scotch literature richly deserves even a more copious separate treatment than Mr. Walker gives it, for it possesses rare and piquant qualities of its own.

Boulger's History of China

A Short History of China By Demetrius C. Boulger. 2s. J. B. Lippincott Co.

THIS INDUSTRIOUS student of Asiatic politics has done well to give us his handsome one-volume history of the Middle Kingdom. His larger work in three volumes is well known to many readers, and is a monument of industry as well as of scholarly power and insight. The average American, however, will be glad to get the result of his life-long studies in a single volume. Mr. Boulger, indeed, is not a critical student of the original Chinese authorities. Even one who knows but a few hundred of the eighty thousand or more Chinese characters finds him tripping here and there. He mistakes the meaning of Chinese words, and sometimes on a misreading or fancy builds a superstructure of greater error. One could wish that he had spent at least a portion of his time in mastering the outlines of the Chinese language and writing. Nevertheless, being familiar with his books, we must say that he has made intelligent use of the best European authorities and that he has adjusted and condensed these for the benefit of the modern reader. It is evident, too, that he understands the modern government and political system of the Chinese Empire reasonably well, and an appendix to his history, entitled "How China is Governed," is very clear and informing. Still further to pursue our somewhat ungracious criticism, Mr. Boulger does not seem to be aware, at least certainly does not make use, of the researches of Terrier de la Couperie and others, who have thrown such great light on early Chinese annals, and who have properly discredited most of that so-called Chinese history which antedates the ninth century before Christ. Mr. Boulger gives a digest of the early ages, tells of the periods of disunion. At the fifth chapter he begins modern history with the Mongols, and quickly follows with the Ming dynasty, devoting fuller space to the conquering and civilizing work of the present Manchu rulers. About one half of the work covers the period following the beginning of European intercourse, and is very full on the first and second foreign wars and the Taiping Rebellion. In his pictures of those countries surrounding China, which were pupil-nations, such as Japan, Korea and Annam, Mr. Boulger would have done well to more carefully consult modern critical authorities.

Occasionally his dependence on the old French Jesuits and European authors leads him into strange statements, as, for example, calling Taiko Sama a Tycoon. Nevertheless, after all criticisms are made one must be thankful for a fresh statement of the history of the great nation which is becoming more, rather than less, a factor in universal history. With an eye to French ambition and aggression, and from a thoroughly English point of view, the author dwells fully upon that part of China's history which is most likely to interest us at this moment. The French are following the British example, and doing a little conquest for the glory of the Republic—taking a slice where England has so often taken the whole piece.

Two Books on Japan

1. *Japan as We Saw It.* By M. Bickersteth. \$5. 2. *A Handbook for Travellers in Japan.* By Basil Hall Chamberlain and W. B. Mason. \$5. Both imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons.

THIS HANDSOME English book (1), in dress of dark blue with red bands, bears on its back the picture of a Japanese pilgrim, and on its sides a few suggestive lines indicating Fuji-san's crater edge, over which the cranes wheel in steady flight. Good paper, print, maps, pictures and index tell of careful book-making. The narrative is that of the two month's stay of a clerical English family in Fuji-yama land. A Bishop and his wife and daughter go out in the wilderness, as it were, to see whether Japan is a reed shaken by the wind. They find an earnest people struggling into new light and trying to make themselves the peers of the nations of the West. The story is told by a warm-hearted woman, in sympathy with her sisters and brothers that live in the far-eastern archipelago. That, among the peoples of Asia, there is none greater in signs of promise and proofs of serious determination to make progress than the subjects of the Mikado is the verdict of the author.

In this country of heavy walls, where there are so many doors to open, shut, slam, bang, keep locked and provide keys for, it is pleasant to think of the land of screens and sliding partitions, where the middle term between gate and *shoji* is lacking. In the autumn months, the ordinary *hibachi*, or fire-brazier with glowing charcoal, usually furnishes sufficient warmth. The great objection to stoves and fireplaces is the ugliness of stove-pipes out of doors, and the uncertain behavior of chimneys. In our land of steady habits in the earth's crust, a chimney is the very emblem of stability and respectability. So much so is this the case in England, that the chimney continued—the tile-pot—becomes the model of the gentleman's head-covering. In Japan, however, the chances of waking up at night to find that the chimney has become your bed-fellow are very strong, as the *jishin-uwo*, or earthquake-fish, thinks nothing of tumbling the bricks right into your bedroom. As to plaster ceilings, they are useful chiefly for lining the floor with, thus illustrating the fact that Dai Nippon is a land of paradoxes. Excepting some commonplace and ordinary observations and a good deal of detailed information about the missionary operations of the English Episcopalians, the chief episode described is that of the great earthquake of 1891. The descriptions, both in text and in picture, are very vivid, and to see the way nature has tumbled about the iron bridges and other proud engineering works of man is very humiliating to one's Caucasian conceit.

The author is a daughter of the Bishop of Exeter, and her brother is Missionary Bishop of Japan. The journeys were mostly over the beaten track, and the photographs are as a rule the same as those found in the average tourist's book on Japan. Some of them, however, which reveal the beauties of wood-carving at Nikko are fresh and striking. The information about the English Episcopal missionaries, nurses, deaconesses, preachers, pastors and Christian workers of all sorts is very full, and the statistics valuable. Indeed the book is but a sugar-coated missionary report, though well worth reading. The preface, by the Bishop of Exeter, is funny reading to an American, with its inaccuracies ("Perry won an entrance" in 1854, not 1852, Dr. "Griffith," "American Nonconformists," etc.), and its warning-off of

all sects from Japan but the preface-writer's own. Without being a notable addition to the Japan library, it gives a phase of the modern life of the Japanese which is of great interest to the Christian and philanthropist.

In the long series of travellers' handbooks which has made English-speaking people all over the world known as the "red-book people," this one on Japan is not the least (2). Of Prof. Chamberlain's scholarship in Japanese, nothing need be said in the way of praise, for he has won even from the Japanese themselves the highly honorable post of Professor of Japanese and Philology in their Imperial University. Added to the scholar's felicitous and concise description in this book, is the practical information given by Mr. W. B. Mason, late of the Imperial Japanese Department of Communications. The volume is in very handy shape, comprises four hundred and sixty pages and, being printed in Japan under the eyes of the authors, is remarkably free from slips of the pen or printers' mistakes. The type is clear, and so are the numerous maps, which furnish the tourist with all that he requires. The itineraries are carefully stated and distances given, so that the person of average commonsense can travel with great comfort; and if to the accuracy of the printed guide he adds the ready help of a living courier, he cannot fail to have a happy time in the land where the day begins. In reading through this third edition, we have compared it with the second, and find a number of minor improvements, while the maps are much more numerous and of the best quality. In one sense this book, which is valuable to both the traveller and the stay-at-home, is an evolution towards perfection; for we have on our shelves Chamberlain's, Satow's and Hawes's volumes wherewith to make comparison; while the present volume contains all that is worth keeping in the bulky and expensive second edition of Satow, the cost is much less. We are particularly pleased that so much space is properly given to the Island of Shikoku, which is now accessible to the well-behaved traveller.

Mr. Sothern as Sheridan

"SHERIDAN; or, The Maid of Bath," Mr. Paul M. Potter's new play, was presented for the first time at the Lyceum Theatre on Tuesday evening, with E. H. Sothern in the leading part, and a stage setting both brilliant and realistic. The author has skillfully wrought the few known details of the great comedian's life, with much fanciful incident and conversation, into an interesting and lively presentation of the adventures of one Richard Brinsley Sheridan, a witty young rake, who has written, upon novel lines, a play entitled "The Rivals." When this youth appears in Bath and is installed as secretary to the father of Betty Linley, the "Maid of Bath," his play is as far as ever from appreciation. Although he falls in love with the maid, he promises his friend Capt. Matthews that he will hide his passion, as the Captain claims to have been secretly married to her. On leaving for his regiment, Matthews places Betty under Sheridan's care. The trust once accepted is scrupulously guarded, even to the point of allowing undeserved suspicion to fall upon himself when Matthews's real wife, deserted and heart-broken, appears upon the scene. A letter beginning "My dear wife," is believed to be Sheridan's, and causes him to fall from favor in the sight of Betty's father, and he is sent away disgraced. Such is the situation from which the hero is triumphantly rescued.

In the play, David Garrick appears to entertain a most inexplicable mixture of enmity and friendship for Sheridan, who is himself a most conventional hero, in spite of his caustic tongue. Miss Betty is a sweet creature of a sort familiar to theatre-goers under a variety of names. The other characters are mostly lay-figures with the powers of speech and motion. Palpably weak devices for bringing about ludicrous situations are few; and as few are the scenes where there is neither interest nor humor. There are no characters in whose individuality one feels a great interest; and the several reconciliations are apparently effected behind the scenes, for foes quitting the proscenium return friends. The performance of the play was, on the whole, very good. Mr. Sothern's Sheridan was consistently gallant and witty throughout, and Miss Grace Kimball made the most of the inane Maid of Bath, persuading the spectator that she was truly crushed by the revelation of her lover's supposed infamy.

That the thing was liked was shown by the applause after the third act, when Mr. Sothern was recalled again and again, and had to appear once more after leading in Mr. Potter. With three such plays as "Chumley," "Lettarblair" and "Sheridan," Mr. Sothern will be sure of a warm welcome wherever he may go.

The Magazines

"Lippincott's Magazine"

MRS. H. LOVETT CAMERON writes the complete story in this number, which bears the curiosity piquing title "A Bachelor's Bridal." In this number, Capt. Charles King writes of "Uncle Sam at the Fair." He describes the Government Exhibit at Chicago, and tells how that part of it which relates to the army is thronged by visitors, while those which display the arts of peace are comparatively neglected. "In the Plaza de Toros," by Marriion Wilcox, is an illustrated article describing an Easter bull-fight at Seville, "the cradle of the sport." A short study of "Forest Fires," by Felix L. Oswald, is accompanied by his portrait. Judson Daland, M.D., writes of "Hypnotism: its Use and Abuse." Commander C. H. Rockwell, of the U. S. Navy, narrates "A Sea-Episode" on a fever-stricken ship. The poetry of the number is by Zitella Cocke, Margaret B. Harvey, Edgar Fawcett and James K. Phillips and the shorter fiction by Matt Crim, Richard Malcolm Johnston and Amédée Pigeon.

A GIRL'S RECOLLECTION OF DICKENS

Our readers will find no more entertaining article in the magazines this month than Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer's recollections of Charles Dickens and his wife.

"My own first view of Dickens," says Mrs. Latimer, "was at an evening party, when he was standing in the midst of a circle of ladies, relieving himself in very energetic terms of his *impressions de voyage*. His hair was long and light, and looked as if it had not recovered from the tangle incident to days of sea-sick misery. He had brought with him two velvet waistcoats for full dress, one of vivid green, the other of brilliant crimson; these were further ornamented by a profusion of gold watch-chain. In 1841 a black satin waistcoat was almost the national costume of gentlemen in America, so that Mr. Dickens's vivid tints were very conspicuous.

"Mrs. Dickens was a small woman of about thirty. Her position as the lion's mate seemed embarrassing to her. She was not accustomed to dwell in 'the fierce light' that shone upon every deed and word of the popular idol, and she evidently found satisfaction in quiet talks with me concerning the best shops in Oxford Street, and other such homely and familiar matters. There was no sign then of any disagreement or incompatibility between husband and wife. On the whole, I should have said that in those days Mrs. Dickens showed signs of having been born and bred her husband's social superior. After their return to England I saw several amusing and familiar letters written by Dickens to his Boston friends,—letters in which repeated and affectionate allusions were made to 'Kate,'—and it struck me with the greatest surprise when several years afterwards I learned that conjugal difficulties in the Dickens's household had led to estrangement and separation."

With Dickens's personality Mrs. Latimer, then only a young girl, was not very favorably impressed, nor were the Boston gentlemen who entertained him with unbounded hospitality:—"I do not think the personality of Mr. Dickens was altogether pleasing to the very refined and cultivated literary men and women of Boston at that period, but they did their best to entertain him with consideration and hospitality. They were not sorry, however, to pass him on to New York, where a banquet which had been prepared with great elaboration was awaiting him. He then travelled through the country, collecting materials for his 'Notes' and 'Martin Chuzzlewit'; but anyone might have predicted from his writings that things minute and trivial would most attract his interest and attention. It was but natural that he should devote large space to a pig in New York, and only a page or two to more important matters. When his 'American Notes' came out, the eagerness to see them surpassed anything that can be imagined nowadays, when we feel confirmed by general consent in a pretty good opinion of ourselves and of our country and can afford to be indifferent as to what Mr. Kipling or any other passing traveller may say of us. Bostonians with whom Mr. and Mrs. Dickens had associated laughed, and accepted the 'Notes' in exchange for their hospitalities; but the rest of the country was up in arms. People had done their best to show attention to one whom they had delighted to honor. They had endeavored to please their guest, to entertain him suitably to their sense of his pre-eminence as a writer and as a social reformer. It was as if La Fayette had turned round upon their fathers and jeered them. I remember a young man (I think the future President Eliot) coming into Mr. Ticknor's and telling us on the first day that the 'Notes' came out (in a very cheap form) that he had just had occasion to call at the house of a workingman in Roxbury who was at home for his midday dinner, and found him eating it with a copy of the 'Notes' in his hand, while his wife was sitting by with another. 'I shall write this to Dickens,' said Mr. Ticknor. But if he did I doubt whether such an

evidence of popularity gave Dickens any pleasure, for he was extremely exasperated at the thought of American cheap literature and no copyright for English authors. Americans who were affronted by the 'Notes' did not duly consider that Dickens's voyage to the United States was his first experience of foreign travel. He had never been abroad. He was a cockney, if not by birth, at least by breeding. He had no foreign standard of comparison for anything he saw that differed from what he was accustomed to see."

That Dickens used his American entertainers and others for "material" for his books is not surprising, to one who bears in mind that his own father was the original of his "Micawber." All was fish that came to the net of this industrious and, in his way, inimitable story-teller.

"THE HOOSIER POET"

Mr. Crofton, in his department "Men of the Day," writes of James Whitcomb Riley, whose career has certainly been a picturesque one. Mr. Riley is one of the few men that have made money out of their poetry—a fact which proves his exceptional popularity:—

"James Whitcomb Riley, 'The Hoosier Poet,' is a somewhat short, singularly unpoetic-looking man, of genial manner, with a strong, long, angular face, smooth shaven, sharp-set gray eyes, a prominent Roman nose, wears eye-glasses, and acknowledges to five-and-thirty years. His father, a well-to-do business-man, intended him for a professional career, but while yet at school he good-naturedly kicked over the traces and adopted the trade of a travelling sign-painter. In this rôle he acquired all the phases of the streets, the woods, and the field, and laid up a store of homely knowledge and philosophy, upon which he draws with never-failing success. He started in literature the master of two languages—English and Hoosier. It was about 1875 that his verses began to attract attention, and since 1880 he has been accounted the leading dialect poet of the country. Many good stories are told at his expense. He once travelled through Indiana as 'the celebrated blind sign-painter.' A companion who acted as his manager would exhibit him before a plate-glass window, handing his brushes to him as he needed. The poet would measure off the glass carefully with his hands and after much preliminary 'business' would dash off a sign while the country-folk looked on in amazement. But perhaps the most elaborate joke he ever perpetrated was a poem in imitation of Edgar Allan Poe, which went the rounds as a newly-discovered production of that poet, and which deceived so accomplished a critic as William Cullen Bryant. He has amassed quite a comfortable competence out of his poems, having lately purchased the old family homestead, his birthplace, at Greenfield, Ind., where he will live hereafter. It is a handsome structure of the modified Greek style of architecture so fashionable in the South a generation or two ago, and is surrounded by a fine grove of 'whispering maples.' An original-minded, unbusiness-like man of immoderate modesty, his personality is quite as remarkable as his poems."

"The Atlantic Monthly"

Charles Egbert Craddock opens *The Atlantic* for September with her vigorous pen and is followed by Mr. Henry A. Clapp, the well-known Boston critic, who writes of Edwin Booth in terms of highest praise. Of Mr. Booth's natural gifts as an actor, Mr. Clapp says:—

"Mr. Booth's peculiar quality as a player was the natural product of his endowment and mode of life. As an artist he lived an ideal existence. He was too quick and keen not to profit by his inevitable contacts with men, but assiduous reading, study, and toil in the closet or on the stage supplied both the substance and the color of his performance. In a man less richly endowed by nature such a life might have brought forth but barrenly; with Mr. Booth it seemed to be the condition of his most fruitful achievement. Well has the artist lived whose hours have been spent in lofty intimacy with the great poets and dramatists; and so it was well with our tragedian. His habits and associations were at once the consequence and the cause of his artistic temper. Under the guidance of the chosen companions of his life he became incapable of vulgarity; and as a player he became the shining exponent of that school of acting whose chief characteristic and distinction is idealism."

"All that was corporeal of the artist fitted well to his fine spiritual conditions. Some of my readers can recall his first appearance as a leading player at the Boston Theatre, thirty-six years ago, and will remember that, like all other artists, he had his early faults and crudities of method; but the process of correcting and ripening was rapid, and for a quarter of a century or more Mr. Booth was recognized as the best accomplished actor of our stage. Free and graceful in motion, with carriage and step which lent themselves with equal and perfect ease to the panther footfall of

ago, the dignified alertness of Macbeth, and the stately progress of Othello; with a beautiful face whose mask was as wax under the moulding fingers of passion; with a voice whose peculiar vibrant quality had an extraordinary power to stir the soul of the listener at the very moment of its appeal as music to the ear,—all of Edwin Booth that was, in the choice phrase of Shakespeare, 'out of door' was 'most rich.' And, without unduly exalting the mere material of his art, it is worth while to dwell for a moment upon the service which he constantly rendered to the ever-imperilled cause of pure and elegant speech."

"ISOLATION OF LIFE ON PRAIRIE FARMS"

Mr. E. V. Smalley, in an article under this title, does not paint a very attractive picture of life on prairie farms. It must be desolate indeed, and the invitation to "go West" extended so freely to Eastern young men will not, we fancy, be accepted by many who read this article.

"If there be any region in the world where the natural gregarious instinct of mankind should assert itself, that region is our Northwestern prairies, where a short hot summer is followed by a long cold winter, and where there is little in the aspect of nature to furnish food for thought. On every hand the treeless plain stretches away to the horizon line. In summer, it is checkered with grain fields or carpeted with grass and flowers, and it is inspiring in its color and vastness; but one mile of it is almost exactly like another, save where some watercourse nurtures a fringe of willows and cottonwoods. When the snow covers the ground the prospect is bleak and dispiriting. No brooks babble under icy armor. There is no bird-life after the wild geese and ducks have passed on their way south. The silence of death rests on the vast landscape, save when it is swept by cruel winds that search out every chink and cranny of the buildings, and drive through each unguarded aperture the dry, powdery snow."

Instead of weather-proof houses, the farmer lives in a miserable hut that barely holds its own against the storms of winter:—

"In this cramped abode, from the windows of which there is nothing more cheerful in sight than the distant houses of other settlers, just as ugly and lonely, and stacks of straw and unthreshed grain, the farmer's family must live. In the summer there is a school for the children, one, two or three miles away; but in winter the distances across the snow-covered plains are too great for them to travel in severe weather; the schoolhouse is closed, and there is nothing for them to do but to huddle themselves and long for spring."

FRANCIS A. WALKER ON THE TECHNICAL SCHOOL

Gen. Francis A. Walker, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in an article on "The Technical School and the University," answers Prof. Shaler's article on a similar subject. In summing up Gen. Walker says:—

"That the students of technology throughout our country do, as a body, apply themselves to their tasks with wonderful energy and enthusiasm is a fact so familiar that it hardly needs to be adverted to here. The accession of such students to a great university would doubtless do much good in the university; but that the technical school would be better for the association may be questioned, in view of the multitude of distractions which beset ordinary student life, and the frivolity of many of the interests which are there deemed of prime importance. On their part, young men do not greatly care to go to schools where they are not respected equally with the best; where all the praise and all the prizes go to others; where the stained fingers and rough clothes of the laboratory mark them as belonging to a class less distinguished than students of classics or philosophy. Prof. Shaler remarks upon 'ancient prejudices concerning the humble position of all mechanical employments.' Is it quite certain that those prejudices are even yet so far worn out of the public mind that the students and teachers of technology may not feel more at ease by themselves, in schools devoted to their own purposes, than in schools where snobbishness makes odious comparisons, and where fashions are set in respect to student life, conduct, and dress which they have neither the means nor the inclination to imitate."

"With much of what Prof. Shaler says regarding the desirability of preparing young men for the technical professions more by inculcating principles and inspiring a zeal for investigation and a love of learning, and less by imparting mere information and teaching useful knacks and devices, I heartily concur. Too much cannot be said upon this theme. But the question does not necessarily concern the issue raised by Prof. Shaler. More than one detached school has shown the liberality of sentiment, the comprehensiveness of view, and the high moral courage necessary to place and maintain technical education upon a lofty plane."

"Harper's Magazine"

THE leading paper in *Harper's Magazine* for September is "A General Election in England," by Richard Harding Davis, and it is the best so far in the series of Mr. Davis's travels. It describes the actual experiences of Mr. Davis, who, as the companion of a Conservative candidate during the canvass which returned the present House of Commons, saw a lively political campaign in England more intimately than many Americans have been able to do. Mr. Davis not only saw it but he has reproduced the scene in a way to make it particularly interesting to American readers. His remarks on the English woman as an electioneer show us that peculiar British institution as few of us have seen it, and it does not make us at all anxious to see American women engage in the same work.

THE ENGLISH WOMAN IN POLITICS

"The part the women play in an English election is one of the things which no American can accept as an improvement over our own methods. It may either amuse him or shock him, but he would not care to see it adopted at home. * * * I have seen women of the best class struck by stones and eggs and dead fish, and the game did not seem to me to be worth the candle. I confess that at the time I was so intent in admiring their pluck that it appeared to me as rather fine than otherwise, but from this calmer distance I can see nothing in the active work of the English woman in politics which justifies the risks she voluntarily runs of insult and indignity and bodily injury. A seat in the House would hardly repay a candidate for the loss of one of his wife's eyes, or of all of his sister's front teeth, and, though that is putting it brutally, it is putting it fairly. It would not be fair, however, if I left the idea in the reader's mind that the women go into this work unwillingly; on the contrary, they delight in it, and some of them are as clever at it as the men, and go to as great lengths, from Mrs. Langtry, who plastered her house from pavement to roof with red and white posters for the Conservative candidate, to the Duchesses who sat at the side of the member for Westminster and regretted that it threatened to be an orderly meeting. It is also only fair to add that many of the most prominent Englishmen in politics are as much opposed to what they call the interference of women in matters political as they are to bribery and corruption, and regard both elements of an electoral campaign with a pronounced disfavor."

A SELF-MADE ASTRONOMER

The article on Dr. Edward Emerson Barnard, the director of the Lick observatory, by a former associate, Prof. S. W. Burnham of Chicago, will interest not only those who find astronomy a fascinating study, but those who love to read the stories of "self-help." Dr. Barnard is still a young man. Says his friend:—"Edward Emerson Barnard was born in Nashville, Tennessee, December 16, 1857. His early education was limited to two months' attendance at a common school, and such instruction as his excellent mother could give him at home; and all of his acquirements in literature, the sciences, and languages in late years are the result of his own earnest efforts. Fatherless and destitute at the close of the war, he began at the age of eight or nine to work in a large photographic studio in Nashville, and continued to follow the occupation of photographer until 1883. During this time he had mastered every department in the photographic art, and had become invaluable to his employers as a faithful and accomplished assistant."

Dr. Barnard has been particularly successful in his studies of Jupiter, having made some important discoveries concerning that planet.

LOWELL'S YOUTHFUL LETTERS

As a foretaste of the volume we are looking forward to with such delightful anticipation, Prof. C. E. Norton gives a selection from the correspondence of his friend James Russell Lowell. Says Prof. Norton:—"The controlling traits of Lowell's temperament and genius are already apparent in the letters of his college days. With his classmate and early friend, George Bailey Loring, he carried on for some years an active correspondence, in which his youth finds frank and full expression. It was fortunate that he had a friend to whom he was willing thus to confide his inmost self. He was already a great reader, already writing verse, already feeling the pangs of first loves and the spur of first ambitions; trying his wings, uncertain of their capacity of flight and of the direction which their course should take. In 1836, a Junior in college, seventeen years old, he writes, 'Here I am, alone * * * Pope, Dante, a few of the older English poets, Byron, and last—not least—some of my own compositions, lie around me.' It is of interest to note that Dante, who was to become 'his author,' was already in his hands. And already his fondness for nature, and his love for his own home and native place—a love that was a life-long passion with him—

unmistakably declare themselves. 'You can't imagine,' he says, in April, 1837, 'how delightful it is out here. The greatest multitude of birds of every description that I ever recollect to have seen. The grass is fast growing green. Every day that the sun shines I take my book and go out to a bank in our garden and lie and read.' His youthful correspondent had spoken disrespectfully of Cambridge, and Lowell replies: 'To me 'tis not an "infernal hole," I can tell you. It is my birthplace, the "home of my childhood," and to me its fields are full as green and its woods as sombre as any in "less privileged earth." Show me a place so sweet as that most delightful of spots, "sweet Auburn!" Match me Fresh Pond! Show me any elms like the Cambridge ones!' He likes Whittier 'the better for "sticking up" for old New England. Yankee-land is no place to be sneezed at.'

After leaving college, Prof. Norton tells us that Lowell "wavered as to the choice of a profession. He thought of going into the Divinity School; he tried the Law and did not like it; he tried a counting-room and liked it still less; he thought of medicine, but that was even worse, and he went back to Law. But literature drew him steadily more and more strongly to itself. His verses were getting into print in the magazines; he proposed to write a drama on Cromwell and the Roundheads who 'have never had justice done them.' He was taking interest in public affairs. 'I am fast becoming ultra-Democratic,' he writes in 1838, not yet twenty years old."

FEMININITY IN LITERATURE

In the Editor's Study, Mr. Warner deprecates the loss of femininity in feminine literature.

"In these days," says Mr. Warner, "most women consider it a compliment if their anonymous writings are taken to be the productions of men. And men—they are still so ungallant—would be annoyed if the careless judgment be passed upon their work. 'Sounds as if it were written by a woman.' It is understandable why women wish to be thought to write like men, on the theory that literature, like other art, is sexless, and that there is only one standard of excellence. But it is not understandable why women, enfranchised and come as an equal into the kingdom of letters, should wish to drop a quality so fascinating and so full of potency and charm as that we are speaking of. Practically in her competition with men she has dropped it. We encounter it less and less. And it is a grave question whether the re-enforcement of literature by an increasing number of women who write so that their productions cannot be distinguished from those of men is a compensation for the loss of this lovely quality of femininity. Is it necessary that women in gaining knowledge and skill should sacrifice this most exquisite expression of woman as woman, that is, the expression of a charm which is one of the few notes of reminiscence of our fallen state? It is not effeminacy; in the common meaning it is not lack of virility; but it is the counterpart of that quality which is etymologically strictly derived from the word *vir*. It is for women to say whether literature is to lose this quality."

A CORNER IN OLD CHELSEA

In his series of delightful papers on old New York, Mr. Janvier writes this month of "Love Lane," a bit of this city that is as unknown to most New Yorkers as Greenwich Village. The illustrations which accompany the text, particularly that describing "Old Chelsea," will, unless we greatly overestimate the love of the beautiful in the New Yorker's heart, be the means of sending many a pilgrim to that beautiful corner of this city. "Geographically, and in all other ways, the central feature of Chelsea is the General

Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church. To this institution was given rent free by Clement C. Moore—the good Bishop, his father, no doubt having a share in the prompting of the gift—the whole of the block between Twentieth and Twenty-first streets and the Ninth and Tenth avenues; which lot, being for many years only in small part built upon, long was known as Chelsea Square. Here was laid the corner-stone of the East Building of the Seminary on the 28th of July, 1825; and of the West Building ten years later—both structures, with the minor edifices erected later, being of a dark gray stone which made an admirable color composition with the green of the grass and trees, and of the ivy when it began to grow later on. Only one of the original stone buildings still is standing, and the larger part of what was Chelsea Square now is covered with the great brick halls, and the brick chapel, erected within the past ten years. Even with all this growth of new buildings there still remains a wide extent of trimly kept lawns dotted with flower-beds and shaded by wide-branching trees; and there is no more delightful bit in all New York than the deeply recessed space in the east front, where the yellow-green lawn has for background the ivy-clad red brick walls of the chapel, far above which rises stately the gracefully square brick tower."

Other articles of interest in this number of *Harper's* are "An

Albert Dürer Town" by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, illustrated by Joseph Pennell, and "A Gentleman of the Royal Guard" by Mr. William McLennan, which describes the fortunes of Daniel de Gressillon, *Sieur de L'hut*, the hero of Dr. A. Conan Doyle's historical romance, "The Refugees." Mr. Du Maurier's page this month is the most amusing thing we have seen from his pencil for many a long day.

"McClure's Magazine"

An article upon an interview with Edward Everett Hale by Herbert D. Ward opens *McClure's Magazine* for September. It is not called a "Real



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CHELSEA SQUARE

Conversation" but it has all the reality of one. In the course of the interview, Mr. Ward asked Dr. Hale something about the distinguished authors with whom he was acquainted. Of Hawthorne he had hardly any reminiscences.

"Personally," he said, "Hawthorne was very reticent in society. My own recollections of him, when I first saw him, were that he hardly spoke a word to anybody. This little scrap of Hawthorne's, which you may use, if you care to, was sent to the Boston *Miscellany*, a magazine that my brother edited, and to which all Young America at that time contributed. Lowell published his first stories and articles in the *Miscellany*, after those in 'Harvardiana.' But with Lowell my relations were singularly intimate. He was also intimate with my brother Nathan. Our room in college was convenient for him, as his was at a distance from recitations. He was a class in advance of me. Those were the days when we borrowed Emerson's volume of Tennyson's first poems, and copied the poems in our scrap-books. Lowell was deep in the old dramatists then, and read papers on them in the Alpha Delta, which was the literary club to which we both belonged. The intimacy which was then begun lasted through our lives. He edited *The Atlantic* when I published my first stories there."

DR. HALE ON HIS OWN WORK

When Mr. Ward asked Dr. Hale what he considered his best work, he replied:—

"I think," began Dr. Hale thoughtfully, "that 'In His Name' as a bit of literary work, is to be regarded as the best book I ever

wrote. "The story of 'The Man Without a Country' has circulated in much larger numbers. It was forged in the fire, and I think its great popularity is due to the subject." "And what is your best literary work at present?" After some hesitation Dr. Hale answered:—"I think my sermons are the best." This serious answer caused no little astonishment; for one naturally thinks of Dr. Hale as an author rather than as a hard-working minister. "I attach a great deal of importance to the weekly printing and circulating of sermons," he continued. "It is more than fifteen years since I began printing them for our people. It keeps a man at his best work. It does away with slipshod carelessness. I should advise every minister to print his sermons. The fact of it is," he continued, with increasing vivacity, "five-sixths of my work in this office is parish work. I am a person who has never lost sight of my profession. People complain that my books always carry a moral. I wouldn't write if they didn't." * * * In 1871 'Ten Times One is Ten' was published. From that book came a peculiarity of my life. It brought me into close contact with all parts of the world. From it sprang the 'Lend a Hand' and the 'King's Daughters,' and a dozen such working societies, and indirectly the Epworth League and the Christian Endeavor. They copied the idea, with many of my mottoes."

DR. HALE IN HIS STUDY

"Dr. Hale's study, which he calls his office, was once used as a school-room for day scholars, and had a piazza on one side of it. This Mr. Hale has boarded up and uses the space—three feet wide—for his thousands of pamphlets. I stepped in there while the messenger from the society with the long name was occupying our host's attention, and, for all the world, it seemed like a touch from Dickens or a section from the Athenaeum. That pamphlet alcove, narrow, musty, yet busy, a composite of the stage-coach days and our electric era, gave me a graver suspicion of Dr. Hale's cosmopolitan interests than any word he had uttered or anything I had hitherto seen in the temple. When I came back Dr. Hale was again stretched upon the lounge. He began almost fiercely upon his favorite topic, and I can do no better than to give his own words:—"I have written twenty-five books, but I'm not an author; I'm a parish minister. I don't care a snap for the difference between Balzac and Daudet. That isn't important in life. I do care about the difference between the classes of men who migrate to this country of mine."

In this number Henry M. Stanley tells "An African Story;" and "Pasteur at Home" is discussed by Ida M. Tarbell. The story of the Brontës becomes more exciting and more romantic with each number.

"The North American Review"

After reading the September *North American Review*, one feels as if he had attended half a dozen mass-meetings in the course of a single evening. It opens with a Republican rally on "The Political Situation," at which the sole speaker is ex-Speaker Reed; next there is a mass-meeting on the doings of France and England in Siam, the speakers being the Hon. George N. Curzon, M.P., and Mme. Adam; there is one on Home Rule, at which the Earl of Donoughmore has the floor (and tries to wipe it with the Gladstone government); "The Wealth of New York" is a Tammany mass-meeting presided over by His Honor the Mayor; "Counting-Room and Cradle" is an anti-Woman's Rights meeting, addressed by Marion Harland. Then there is a mass-meeting on "The Silver Problem," with speeches by Andrew Carnegie and Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P., one on "The Briggs Controversy, from a Catholic Point of View," the orator being the Rev. L. A. Nolin, LL.D.;

and one on "The South Carolina Liquor Law," with a stump-speech against the statute in question by the Mayor of Alken. The number is as "up to date" as a morning newspaper—almost so, but not quite, for when Mr. Carnegie's article was written, the House had not yet repealed the silver-purchase law, and when Gen. Greely penned his paper on "Polar Probabilities of 1894," Lieut. Peary's *burros* were still alive—and kicking.

"ENGLAND AND FRANCE IN SIAM"

An expert come to judgment is the Hon. George N. Curzon, M.P., late British Under Secretary for India, who presents his country's case, as against France, in the matter of Siam. His presentation is strictly *ex parte*—as will be seen from this brief passage:—"Did Siam lie altogether outside the radius of Indian interests, we might afford to sit still whilst the French gobbled it up piece by piece. But possessing, as it does, a coterminous frontier with India many hundred miles long in the Malay Peninsula, in Tenasserim, in Lower and upper Burma, and in the Shan States, and situated, as it therefore is, upon the slope of the Indian glacia, we cannot be careless of its destiny. The enormous preponderance of British commercial interests is an additional ground of concern."

Mme. Adam's statement of the case for France is no less partisan than the Britisher's. She rings the changes on the phrase "perfidious Albion." "If I recognize the greatness of old England in a liberal organ of free America, it is not because I dream, after the fashion of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, of a union between my country and perfidious Albion, but to prove that greatness is due to a large extent to our want of foresight, to our weakness, to our indifference to the snares laid for us, and also to our excessive chivalry and self-denial."

"POLAR PROBABILITY"

Gen. Greely knows his subject well when he writes of Arctic matters. In the magazine in hand he discusses three expeditions of the greatest interest:—"All three have for their end and aim the attainment of the farthest north—the reaching of the North Pole. Over what route and by what means these explorers hope to pass the unequalled nothing made by Lockwood, of my own expedition, will now be considered. These voyages are not only made under the auspices of three different nations, but follow three widely-separated routes in their lines of operation. Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the Norwegian, goes by the New Siberian Islands or the Asiatic route; Mr. C. R. Jackson, the Englishman, by Franz Josef Land, or the European pathway; while our own countryman, the gallant and successful Peary, continues in the distinctively American route, through Baffin Bay, with the west coast of Greenland as his base of supplies." In Gen. Greeley's opinion, Nansen's scheme is little short of suicidal. "If an almost miraculous escape, similar to that of the Polar drift-party, spares these daring and determined men it will in no wise prove wisdom or advisability." Jackson's route, he thinks, "presents the most promising field for reaching either the North Pole or a very high latitude." He believes that Lieut. Peary's party will trace the inland ice southward from Independence Bay to the vicinity of Cape Bismarck, but he does not believe it will ever travel one hundred miles to the north-eastward of Independence Bay. As to all three of his surmises, *non veritas*.

"PLAYWRITING FROM THE ACTOR'S POINT OF VIEW"

Mr. W. H. Crane's discourse on playwriting betrays a contempt of the "literary feller" that would win him a senatorship from any one of the silver States, if there were not millionaires in



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DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE

the field. "Given, some novel, fascinating, exciting story and the dramatic instinct that throws the characters involved in the narrative into such situations as heighten the power of the incidents to move human emotions, and the literary work requisite to connect them becomes mere mechanism, as automatic as the winch that carries bricks to the upper story of a new building. In fact, superior literary talent is not wanted. Lord Macaulay could never have written a good play; and I doubt if he would not have spoiled a good one if he had collaborated with some born dramatist. Byron and Tennyson both failed as playwrights. Milton's 'Samson Agonistes' is commended; but you will find very few people who have ever read it once except as a parsing exercise at school; you might safely offer a reward to any one who has read it twice; and it is never acted. Johnson and Addison were both literary lights of the first magnitude, each a veritable Sirius in the firmament of authors, yet the 'Irene' of the one and the 'Cato' of the other were dead failures. Balzac confessed his inability to write a play. We might summarize the case thus, that while able constructors of situation and narrative have often put good language into the mouths of their characters and have thus contributed to literature, no literary man distinguished in belles-lettres, poetry, history or essay, has ever written a good play. May we not go further and say that he never will? Yet we cannot make this assertion with positiveness, because there is a question of probabilities. One man in a thousand may have the dramatic instinct; one man in a thousand may be in a superior degree literary. Then the chances are that one in a million may unite both functions in himself. Our figures are necessarily imaginary, but they indicate that such a conjunction will occur but rarely, and outside of Shakespeare we doubt if it has ever occurred."

"COUNTING-ROOM AND CRADLE"

In her paper under the above title, Marion Harland is rather hard on woman's share in the World's Fair at Chicago, anent which she quotes "a caustic thing" she heard a while ago. Mrs. Terhune believes home to be woman's proper sphere of activity.

"Motherhood and homemaking are women's untransferable missions. Men may write her books, or paint her pictures, or conduct her financial and benevolent enterprises so well as to leave her generation nothing to regret in her withdrawal from one or all of these spheres of action. When she demits the duty of maternity the whole creation cannot supply a substitute. When children reluctantly brought into being are consigned to the companionship and tutelage of hirelings and aliens in blood, the family has no advantages above the *crèche*; home and boarding-school become interchangeable terms. That the writer of this paper has said this, in effect, over and over again, and that other women, not to mention men, have said it yet more forcibly, proves the imminent importance of the hackneyed subject. It is evidence, furthermore, of the startling truth that many of our sex turn a deaf ear to the whispers of Nature, or are slow to learn lessons set by the observation and experience of others. It is the deserved reproach of American girls that they are educated for anything and everything except for motherhood."

Dr. Henry S. Williams of Randall's Island finds "The Lesson of Heredity" to be that we must do everything in our power to improve the environment of the race. "That delightfully impartial verdict 'Blood will tell' conveyed all the message that heredity could bring. But which blood—the good or the bad? Heredity could not answer. The decision rests with environment." Mayor Gilroy, seemingly emulous of the literary reputation which New York's uncrowned king, Richard Croker, achieved by signing an article in *The North American* on Tammany Hall, writes with unction of the great wealth of Tammany's bauble, the city of New York. He proves (by statistics) not only that New York is rich, but that she would be richer still if she had always been as well governed as she is governed to-day by himself and Mr. Croker.

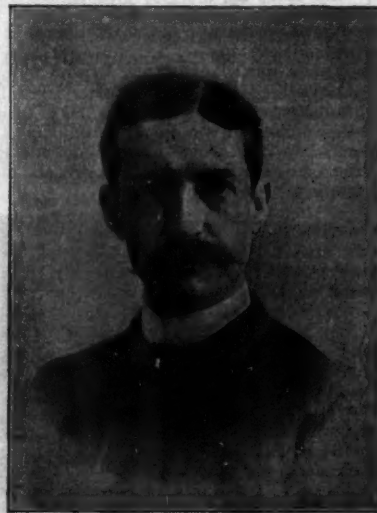
"The Popular Science Monthly"

A large part of the contents of *The Popular Science Monthly* is devoted to important topics of the time. The number opens with a paper showing "Why Silver Ceases to be Money," by Prof. F. W. Taussig of Harvard University. "The Pilgrim Path of Cholera" is traced by Dr. Ernest Hart, who shows how the disease is carried to the Mediterranean by the hordes of Asiatic pilgrims who drink polluted waters at the sacred resorts. Prof. Frederick Starr contributes the first of a number of illustrated articles by different writers on special branches of science at the World's Fair. His subject is "Anthropology." Mr. Lee J. Vance writes on "Folklore Study in America." Under the title "Scientific Cooking," Miss M. A. Boland, of the Johns Hopkins Training School for Nurses, points out the dangers of improperly prepared food and

the need of systematic instruction in cooking. In "Reformatory Prisons and Lombroso's Theories," the views of the noted Italian specialist are set forth by Miss Helen Zimmern. There is a second review of "Recent Science," by Prince Kropotkin, relating to artificial diamonds and environment in evolution, and there are other papers of interest.

PROF. CRANE AND UNCLE REMUS

In an article on "Folk-Lore Study in America," Mr. Lee J. Vance says:—"It did not take Prof. Crane long to make the interesting discovery that the fables and 'yarns' of Uncle Remus were parallel



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PROF. T. FREDERICK CRANE

to stories Prof. Hart heard from his guide on the Amazon River, to stories collected by Dr. Bleek in South Africa, and to popular tales in Europe. He was able to trace the majority of the Legends of the Old Plantation to their foreign variants. Prof. Crane is our acknowledged authority in the field of storiology. He first published a charming collection of Italian Popular Tales, with a scholarly introduction and elaborate notes. His able paper on Mediæval Sermons, Books, and Stories was followed by a critical edition of *The Exempla*, or Illustrative Stories from the *Sermones Vulgares* of Jacques de Vitry, published by the English Folk-lore Society in its series of memoirs (1890). Jacques de Vitry was an eloquent and popular bishop of the thirteenth century, who made great use of apologies, or *exempla*, in his sermons, with the express purpose of instructing and sometimes of amusing his audiences. These illustrative stories were diffused over all Europe, and some of them have won their way into literature—have reappeared now in the fables of La Fontaine, and then in the plays of Molière and Shakespeare. Prof. Crane has published recently an edition of *Chansons Populaires de la France*, a selection from French popular ballads.

"Thus far the work of American folk-lorists has been directed almost entirely to the collection of material to be collated and examined afterward according to scientific methods. American students think that the time has not yet come for theoretical discussions, such as English and Continental scholars have waged so sharply at times and without good cause. Nor are they ready yet to favor the establishment of a separate science of folk-lore."

CHOLERA SPREAD BY PILGRIMS

"On the occasion in question," says Dr. Hart, "at least 150,000 people came into Calcutta in the first and second weeks in February. Great throngs came on foot whose numbers were not noted, 25,000 came by boat up the nullah, 90,000 came by the Eastern Bengal State Railway, and 32,000 by the East Indian Railway. Obviously the influence of railways in intensifying the danger of quick and wide diffusion of cholera after great festivals must not be neglected. To describe the crowding which occurred in the nullah on the festival day is difficult. Perhaps the accompanying photographs will give some idea of the scene, and of the recklessness with which the filthy water was being bathed in and splashed over the head and even drunk. A large proportion of the pilgrims would not drink filtered water. They had come, they said, to bathe in and drink Ganges water, and they would have none from the stand-

poets or the carts. Happily, the tube-well near the police station was not considered unholy, and was in lively requisition. The picture shows the crush to be very great, and it is marvellous that no accidents happened.

"Among the large number assembled there it was not likely that cholera would be entirely absent, and if present it was certain to be spread by the customs of the festival, and thus it happened that in the second week in February nearly two hundred of the pilgrims died from cholera. The pilgrims soon had to be dispersed, and though their dispersal checked a larger outbreak at Kalighat, which would only have widened its circle afterward, it could not prevent those already infected from suffering on their way home. Consequently, at some of the railway stations sick people had to be taken out of the trains; passengers by boat died on their voyage, their bodies being thrown overboard; while travelers on foot were picked up dying or dead on the roads."

"Scribner's Magazine"

The September *Scribner's* is conspicuous for its purely literary features. There are four striking articles on four famous writers, the first of them on Izaak Walton, the three-hundredth anniversary of whose birth has just been celebrated. Alexander Cargill writes of Walton, and Alfred Parsons, than whom no better person could have been found for the purpose, illustrates the text.

THE PERENNIAL CHARM OF WALTON'S "ANGLER"

"Izaak Walton's title to an honorable seat among the immortals of English literature," says Mr. Cargill, "was long ago recognized as clear and undisputable. Lord Byron, it is true, sought in his own cavalier fashion to oust the kindly old man from this dignity; and even the redoubtable 'great Cham' took the pains to grunt a dissent to the claims of 'the gentle art' as being adapted for only 'gentle' folks. Doctor Johnson's bark was, however, often more to be feared than his bite, and one edition, at least, of the Complete Angler, that published in 1750, was due to his sympathy with the book. But what have the Byrons and Johnsons *et hoc genus omne* to do in an appreciation of this kind? Both were inherently deficient in more than one important quality necessary to make a true angler, and so they discredited a pastime for which the one man had no patience, and the other not overmuch of that true Waltonian gentleness that ever shrinks from the jostle of Fleet street. Unquestionably, 'Old Izaak,' as his followers delight to call him, has won the regard and reverence of many generations of anglers throughout the world, not so much because of the literary merit of his book, though that is great, as because of the influence of that rare, restful, humanizing spirit which so largely pervades it."

Of Walton's indebtedness to Dame Juliana Berners, Prioress of the Nunnery of Sopwell, Mr. Cargill says:—"This doughty dame flourished more than a century before Walton's time, and from all accounts was as celebrated for her delight in all true English sport as for her learning and piety—a female Admirable Crichton in many respects."

From this singular production, called "The Treatise of Fysshing with an Angle," or, as it came to be more popularly known afterward, "The Book of St. Albans," Mr. Cargill gives some interesting extracts.

A THACKERAY MANUSCRIPT

When the editor of *Scribner's Magazine* heard that Mr. Leslie Stephen had presented the MS. of the "Roundabout Papers" to Harvard College Library, he straightway wrote to Mr. T. Russell Sullivan to examine that precious document and "write it up" for the magazine. Mr. Sullivan accepted the commission with enthusiasm and the result lies before us. We extract this bit from the article:—

"We come to the essay 'On Half a Loaf,' relating to the famous 'Trent Affair,' which almost brought the United States into war with England in the dark December days of 1861. The wave of feeling between the two countries had not subsided when the 'Roundabout Papers' came out in book form; and this paper was accordingly excluded from the first American edition. Since that time we have permitted ourselves to read and re-read it; now, looking as its interlineations, we smile and wonder if the long-forgotten danger ever really threatened us. Here is one fragment of a paragraph that never went to press:—'The captain who took four men from under a British flag in an unarmed ship has done no great feat. A steamer on the Thames might run down a wherry, and there would be no talk amongst us of the steamer's heroism or courage. A President, Council and Minister of State, who have received prisoners unlawfully seized; who have consigned them to gaol; who have kept them there until a powerful remonstrance backed by some threat of a display of ulterior violence, and then have set the prisoners free—I say these men are acting with a cour-

age that treats surprise. I have read of a man capturing—a snuff-box, let us say; pocketing the trifle amidst the applause of surrounding legists, and finally giving—'"

And here, on the same page, is an alteration of some significance; in print, he says:—"My reader, perhaps, has been in America. If he has, he knows what good people are to be found there; how polished, how generous, how gentle, how courteous. But it is not the voices of these you hear in the roar of hate, defiance, folly, falsehood, which comes to us across the Atlantic. *You can't hear gentle voices; very many who could speak are afraid.*" The words we have marked with italics replace these, which even Americans can bear to read now:—"The gentle people are quiet; some of the wise people are timid and truckle. I saw nothing more painful in America than the mortal timidity of the men whom we may call men of station."

MR. LANG TO MR. PEPPYS

The Messrs. Scribner are preparing a new edition of Andrew Lang's "Letters to Dead Authors," to which have been added four letters—to Homer, to John Knox, to the Rev. Increase Mather and to Samuel Pepys, Esq., of which only the latter appears outside the covers of the book. It goes without saying that the garrulous diarist is a happy subject for Mr. Lang:—"Of bedside books, sir, which may send a man happily to sleep, with a smile on his lips, your egregious Diary is by far the best and dearest. Compared with you, Montaigne is dry, Boswell is too full of matter; but one can take you up anywhere, and anywhere lay you down, certain of being diverted by the picture of that companion with whom you made your journey through life. Unlike to that which St. Francis spoke of himself, thou wert *not* 'too hard on thy brother, the Ass,' rather treating him as one who loved him. Whether you are digging up your treasure, so openly and palpably buried at midday by Mrs. Pepys, or hunting for that other treasure in the tower which you did not find, or boxing the boy Eliezer's ears for spilling the beer over your papers, or going—yourself a boy—to see your king murdered, or meeting Mr. James Sharpe, later murdered himself as our Archbishop, on the voyage to bring back the second Charles, or, 'in an ill-humor of anger with your wife to bed,' you are perpetually the most amusing of gossips, and of all who have gossiped about themselves, the only one who tells the truth. You have such an appetite for life that to read you almost makes a sated student hungry again. There is absolutely no experience but you get some kind of delight in it, keeping the anniversary of that cruel operation which preserved Mr. Pepys to a grateful country. 'A flagon of ale and apples drunk out of a wooden cup,' lives forever, and 'makes all merry' still, because you tasted it and recorded it."

"To see an old play over again delights you, 'which is the pleasure of my not committing these things to memory.' That is also the pleasure of not committing your Diary to our memories; your deeds and misdeeds, your dinners and kisses, glide from our recollections, and being read again, surprise and amuse us afresh. *Decies repetita placebit, that fabula, de te.* In church, Mr. Pepys, however dull the Scot's sermon may be, *you* are never dull."

RICHARDSON AND HIS "HOBBY"

In writing of "Richardson at Home," Mr. Austin Dobson tells this amusing story:—"His health was bad; like Swift, whom he adapts—

'That old vertigo in my head
Will never leave me till I'm dead'—

he was subject to attacks of giddiness; and he suffered from a variety of nervous ailments, the majority of which might be traced to his sedentary habits, and the relentless assiduity with which he pursued his vocation as a printer, and his avocation as an author. 'I had originally,' he says, 'a good constitution. I hurt it by no intemperance, but that of application.' Unlike most men of his generation, he was a vegetarian and water-drinker; unlike them again, he never learned to ride, but contented himself with that obsolete apology for equestrian exercise, the chamber-horse—a species of leathern seat upon four legs and a strong spring, still sometimes to be discovered in the forgotten corners of second-hand furniture shops. One of these contrivances he kept at each of his houses; and those who, without violence to his literary importance, can conceive the author of 'Sir Charles Grandison' so occupied, must imagine him bobbing up and down daily, at stated hours, upon this curious substitute for the saddle."

Contrasting Richardson and Fielding, Mr. Dobson says, and no one knows better than he:—

"No men were ever more absolutely antipathetic—more fundamentally and radically antagonistic—than Richardson with his shrinking, prudish, careful, self-searching nature, and Fielding with his large, reckless, generous, exuberant temperament. Their literary methods were no less opposed. The one, with the schooling

of a tradesman, was mainly a *spectator ab intra*; the other, with the education of a gentleman, mainly a *spectator ab extra*. One had an unrivalled knowledge of Woman; the other an unrivalled experience of Man. To Richardson's subjective gifts were added an extraordinary persistence of mental application, and a merciless power of cumulative details; to Fielding's objective faculty, the keen perceptions of a humorist, and a matchless vein of irony. Both were reputed to have written '*le premier roman du monde*.' Each has been called by his admirers the Father of the English Novel. It would be more exact to divide the paternity:—to speak of Richardson as the Father of the Novel of Sentiment, and Fielding as the Father of the Novel of Manners."

"The Machinist," by Fred J. Miller, in the "Men's Occupations Series," "Clothes—Historically Considered," Margaret Sutton Briscoe's story, and Harrison Robertson's "The Rich Miss Girard" lend strength and variety to the number.

"The Century Magazine"

The opening chapters of a novelette by Bret Harte, "The Heir of the McHulishes," may well be styled a feature of the September *Century*. Bret Harte is a story-teller we cannot easily get too much of. He stands the test of time. Others may come and go, but none replaces in our affections the author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp." The frontispiece is a portrait of Webster, which Mellen Chamberlain, the author of an accompanying article on "A Glance at Daniel Webster," considers the best likeness of Mr. Webster made between 1840 and 1850. It is here printed for the first time, and well illustrates Sydney Smith's remark that no man could be as great as Daniel Webster looked. "Sights of the Fair," by Gustav Kobbé, is illustrated with a number of Castaigne's capital pictures. Prof. George E. Woodberry contributes a description of the vicinity of Mt. Etna in "The Taormina Note-Book"; there is an illustrated account of "A Woman in the African Diggings"; Senator Henry Cabot Lodge writes on immigration evils; and the complete stories include "Six Bulls to Die," and a New England story by Sa rah Orne Jewett.

THE AUTHOR OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE"

Mrs. Oliphant continues her series on famous literary worthies by a carefully prepared article on Daniel De Foe, the son of a London butcher and the author of one of the most popular books that was ever written. Of the contradictions of De Foe's character Mrs. Oliphant says:—

"In this paradoxical age no man lived who was a more complete paradox than De Foe. His fame is world-wide, yet all that is known of him is one or two of his least productions, and his busy life is ignored in the permanent place in literary history which he has secured. His characteristics, as apart from his conduct, are all those of an honest man; but when that most important part of him is taken into question, it is difficult to pronounce him anything but a knave. His distinguishing literary quality is a minute truthfulness to fact which makes it almost impossible not to take what he says for gospel; but his constant inspiration is fiction—not to say, in some circumstances, falsehood. He spent his life in the highest endeavors that a man can engage in,—in the work of persuading and influencing his country, chiefly for her good,—and he is remembered by a boy's book, which is, indeed, the first of boys' books, yet not much more. Through these contradictions we must push our way before we can reach any clear idea of De Foe, the London tradesman, who, by times, composed almost all the newspapers in London, wrote all the pamphlets, had his finger in every pie, and a share in all that was done, yet brought nothing out of it but a damaged reputation and an unhonored end.

"It is curious that something of a similar fate should have happened to the other and greater figure, his contemporary, his enemy, in some respects his fellow-laborer; another and still more brilliant slave of the Government, which in itself had so little that was brilliant—the great Dean. Swift, too, of all his books is remembered chiefly by the book of 'The Travels of Gulliver,' which, though full of a satirical purpose unknown to De Foe, has come to rank along with 'Robinson Crusoe.' We may say, indeed, that these two books form a class by themselves, of perennial enchantment for the young, and full of a curious and enthralling illusion which even in age we rarely shake off."

PROF. WOODBERRY ON THE ADVANTAGES OF TRAVEL

Alas! we all know them better than we are able to enjoy them—the advantages of travel. It is something, however, to find enjoyment in another's good fortune, particularly when that other knows so well how to share them:—

"I have never seen it set down among the advantages of travel that one learns to understand the poets better. To see courts and

governments, manners and customs, works of architecture, statues and pictures and ruins—this, since modern travel began, is to make the grand tour; but though I have diligently sought such obvious and common aims, and had my reward, I think no gain so great as that I never thought of, the light which travel sheds upon the poets; unless, indeed, I should accept that stronger hold on the reality of the ideal creations of the imagination which comes from familiar life with pictures, and statues, and kindred physical renderings of art. This latter advantage must necessarily be more narrowly availed of by men, since it implies a certain peculiar temperament; but poetry, in its less exalted form, is open and common to all who are not immersed in the materialism of their own lives, and whatever helps to unlock the poetic treasures of other lands for our possession may be an important part of life.

"I think none can fully taste the sweetness, or behold the beauty of English song even, until he has wandered in the lanes and fields of the mother country; and in the case of foreign, and especially of the ancient, poets, so much of whose accepted and assumed world of fact has perished, the loss is very great. I had trodden many an Italian hillside before I noticed how subtly Dante's landscape had become realized in my mind as a part of nature."

SALVINI ON IRVING'S HAMLET

Mr. Irving will be pleased to know how much the great actor, Tommaso Salvini, admires his Hamlet, as, according to *The Forum*, it is one of the English actor's four favorite parts:—

"I was very anxious to see the illustrious English artist in that part, and I secured a box and went to the Lyceum. I was recognized by nobody, and remaining as it were concealed in my box, I had a good opportunity to satisfy my curiosity. I arrived at the theatre a little too late, so that I missed the scene of Hamlet in presence of the ghost of his father, the scene which in my judgment contains the clue to that strange character, and from which all the synthetic ideas of Hamlet are developed. I was in time to hear only the last words of the oath of secrecy. I was struck by the perfection of the stage-setting. There was a perfect imitation of the effect of moonlight, which at the proper time flooded the stage with its rays or left it in darkness. Every detail was excellently and exactly reproduced. The scene was shifted, and Hamlet began his allusions, his sallies of sarcasm, his sententious sayings, his points of satire with the courtiers, who sought to study and to penetrate the sentiments of the young prince. In this scene Irving was simply sublime! His mobile face mirrored his thoughts. The subtle penetration of his phrases, so perfect in shading and incisiveness, showed him to be a master of art. I do not believe there is an actor who can stand beside him in this respect, and I was so much impressed by it, that at the end of the second act I said to myself, 'I will not play Hamlet! Mapleson can say what he likes, but I will not play it'; and I said it with the fullest resolution."

STILLMAN THE ART CRITIC

The readers of *The Century* have derived a great deal of instruction and entertainment from Mr. W. J. Stillman's writings, but of the man they know but little. An old friend, Wendell P. Garrison, writes most pleasantly of him in this number. Mr. Garrison says:—

"The portrait which accompanies the present sketch of Stillman will give no idea of his appearance in those wild-wood days. Tall he was then, of course, and slender, and of a build which seemed to warrant the prediction of an early death by consumption, while in truth he possessed a wiry constitution and a remarkable vitality. A wealth of long, brown hair framed a handsome, smooth-shaven face, with broad, intellectual forehead, large eyes, and well-shaped mouth, of which the smile was something to be remembered. His sight was as keen for a mark as it was sensitive to the beauties of nature, and the supple fingers that bespoke the artist and the artisan pulled a trigger with good effect. Firearms have always been a passion with Stillman, and they typify his spiritual combativeness, his readiness to engage in controversy, which, after all, is perhaps only one manifestation of the Yankee impulse to propose an 'improvement' on everything under the sun. His innate mechanical inventiveness has chiefly been expended upon cameras, for he has practised, experimented in, and written authoritatively about photography for more than a quarter of a century, and twenty years ago he published a manual of the art. When making the mobile series of plates, partly architectural, partly picturesque, of the Acropolis of Athens which he published in 1870, the astonished Greeks saw him clamber to a windy perch on the top of the Parthenon, for the sake of that plunging view which shows the only portion of the sculptured frieze *in situ*, together with that convexity of the horizontal lines of their temples in which Stillman sees a subtle intention of the Greek architects to exaggerate the perspective."

"The Forum"

This September number begins a new volume, and celebrates the anniversary with a most agreeable table-of-contents.

MR. IRVING'S FAVORITE PARTS

As Mr. Irving is now in this country, what he has to say about his favorite rôles has a timely interest. The four favorite parts are Hamlet, Iago, Richard III. and Lear, concerning each of which the distinguished tragedian offers some particularly engaging and illuminative criticism. Many playgoers will wonder that Mr. Irving should not have preferred the parts of Louis XI., Mathias in "The Bells" or the dual rôle in "The Lyon's Mail"—three of his most notable successes.

"Of Lear," says Mr. Irving, "I may candidly say that I doubt whether a complete embodiment is within any actor's resources. For myself the part has two singular associations. It broke down my physical strength after sixty consecutive nights, and when I resumed the part after a brief rest I was forced reluctantly to the conclusion that there is one character in Shakespeare which cannot be played six times a week with impunity. On the first night I had a curious experience. As I stood at the wings before Lear makes his entrance I had a sudden idea which revolutionized the impersonation and launched me into an experiment unattempted at rehearsal. I tried to combine the weakness of senility with the tempest of passion, and the growing conviction before the play had proceeded far that this was a perfectly impossible task, is one of my most vivid memories of that night. Lear cannot be played except with the plenitude of the actor's physical powers, and the idea of representing extreme old age is futile."

AN UNDERPAID PROFESSION

President W. R. Harper of the Chicago University analyzes statistics of salaries paid to professors in one hundred and twenty-four American colleges. According to President Harper, only the highest class of professors are to be compared with the lower grades of responsible officers of a railroad, industrial corporation or insurance company. He makes a strong plea for college pensions and thinks the average pay should be raised from \$1400 to \$2000.

To quote President Harper's own words:—"The salaries of the lower class of professors compare with the wages of the skilled workmen employed in the mechanical industries. The salaries that range upward from the general average of \$1470 compare with the pay of skilled and responsible operatives and of the lower grades of responsible clerical and subordinate administrative employees. It is only the highest class of professors, the incumbents of responsible and exacting posts in the larger colleges and universities, who are to be compared with the lower grades of the responsible officers of a railroad or an industrial corporation or insurance company. There is practically no class of college professors whose pay is on a level with the pay of men in positions of first or second rank and responsibility in the industrial community; and yet nobody questions that the higher grades of university work require quite as exceptional gifts and quite as elaborate preparation, together with all the most desirable traits of character that go to make up the highest efficiency in the front rank of industrial life. For the employment of equally rare and indispensable talents, in equally exacting and responsible positions, the teachers in our universities are paid at a rate that will in no wise compare with first-rate salaries or personal incomes in mechanical industry or in the professions."

OTHER ARTICLES OF INTEREST

C. B. Tillinghast, President of the Massachusetts Free Public Library Commission, offers some practical hints concerning library administration. The most popular book in the libraries to-day, he says, is "Uncle Tom's Cabin." "Ben Hur," "Lorna Doone" and "The Scarlet Letter" have also a large circulation. Scott is attracting more readers than formerly, and Dickens fewer. Next to fiction, biography, particularly autobiography, is especially popular. Contemporaneous history is also much sought after, while the old classics of English literature are dropping out of fashion.

On the subject of "Women's Excitement Over 'Woman'" Helen Watterson (Mrs. Moody) writes brightly and tells some caustic truths.

"Poet-Lore"

The double autumn number of *Poet-Lore* offers as marked a contrast to the current *North American* as any magazine (except *Biblia*) could possibly afford. Its themes are Giacomo Leopardi ("A Pessimist Poet"), Shakespeare ("Gentle Will, our Fellow"), "Ruskin as Art Teacher," Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" (by Dr. Rolfe), "In Great Eliza's Golden Time," a translation of "The Pearl" from the early English, and various studies of Browning. The most modern

note is struck in a blank-verse poem on Walt Whitman. "The still air of delightful studies" pervades the whole magazine—no more in the articles we have cited than in certain others accompanying them.

"RUSKIN AS ART TEACHER"

Mr. William G. Kingsland bases an interesting article upon a privately printed volume that has appeared in England this year—the "Letters of John Ruskin to William Ward," a pupil. We quote a few lines to show the character and quality of these letters:—

"If I had to make my own bread, I should at once endeavor to get employment in copying the great Italian frescoes—while at least half my time would be spent in anatomical and other studies from nature; and I should feel myself quite usefully and rightly employed putting my whole energy into the business. I should do so, even now, with far more satisfaction to myself than my present desultory work, of teaching in various ways, gives me; but I do not feel justified in abandoning intellectual labor altogether, or giving up the rudder which is in my hand. * * * You cannot enjoy Turner's 'fairy' work too much. That is divine to the very day of his death. But haste—weariness—*Death*, in its widest sense, as it begins to seize on what is called old age—all the effects of solitude, of absence, of all human sympathy and understanding; and finally sensuality proceeding clearly from physical disease of the brain, are manifest to me in those later works in a degree which is proportionate to my increasing reverence and worship of the divine fact of them. * * * Of course Meissonier paints at a blow; and his work is like a plasterer's, as all French work is. Titian also paints at a blow—but *his* work is not like a plasterer's. Titian paints with a sense of mystery, and Meissonier, with none; and Titian with a sense of true hue, and Meissonier with no more sense of color than a common stainer of photographs. But learn of *anybody* how to do what *they* do,—it will always be useful."

Dr. W. J. Rolfe continues his elaborate study of the play of "Julius Cæsar." The character of Brutus is one he enjoys writing about—and so is that of Brutus's wife.

"Portia, one of the noblest of Shakespeare's women, is a worthy mate for her noble husband; and the poet has given us no more impressive and beautiful picture of conjugal love and fidelity than theirs. Portia's conception of her rights as a wife might satisfy the most 'advanced' views of our own day, while at the same time it is associated with the tenderest and most devoted affection. * * * The married relations of Brutus and Portia are ideally beautiful; but equally beautiful, and in some respects more remarkable,—at least in a Roman,—is the almost affectionate regard of Brutus for the slave-boy Lucius. It is Shakespeare's way of adding a new grace to a character otherwise singularly gracious as well as grand. It is to me of peculiar interest as giving us a glimpse of 'Shakespeare the Man.' It is a fine touch that could never have occurred to one who was not himself like the person to whom he ascribes it. Shakespeare must have had that delicate consideration for others, even those in humblest condition. It is one of many indications that he was a man of peculiar refinement,—a gentleman, in the truest and best sense of the word."

"The Cosmopolitan"

The September *Cosmopolitan* is given over almost entirely to the World's Fair. The idea is a good one, and we do not doubt that a great many visitors to the White City will keep the number as a souvenir of their trip. Walter Besant, Price Collier, George F. Kunz, Ellen N. Henrotin, Julian Hawthorne, Murat Halstead, J. B. Walker (the editor of the magazine), F. J. V. Skiff, H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, F. T. Bickford, Franz Boas and ex-President Harrison are the contributors to our knowledge of the World's Fair. Mrs. Henrotin's paper is called "An Outsider's View of the Woman's Exhibit," which seems an odd way of putting it, as Mrs. Henrotin, according to the table-of-contents, is the Vice-President of the Woman's Branch of the Congress Auxillary of the World's Columbian Exhibition.

MR. BESANT'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF THE FAIR

Mr. J. B. Walker introduces the subject of the Fair, and Mr. Walter Besant follows him with an account of his first impressions. In the course of his paper Mr. Besant says:—

"The Bigness of the World's Fair first strikes and bewilders—one tries in vain to understand it—and then it saddens. * * * Then there is the unexpectedness of it! Never was any place so Unexpected. The special correspondents and the illustrated papers have done their best to bring the place home to us; but, you see, description never describes. Read any description you please,

written by the most picturesque of living word-painters: nothing that he writes can ever convey a real impression. Oh! you may point at once, on arrival, to the Woman's Building, or to the Manufactures Building; you recognize them because you saw the pictures in *The Illustrated London News*. Quite faithful pictures they were, yet—yet—did you expect, at all, what you see before you? What did the descriptive writer and the artist between them, teach you? The form of the thing, not its surroundings and its setting; not its atmosphere; not its color; not its individuality. These things cannot be put into words or into drawings, and they make up the Unexpectedness.

"Then again, the Poetry of the thing! Did the conception spring from one brain, like the *Iliad*? Were these buildings—every one, to the unprofessional eye, a miracle of beauty—thus arranged so as to produce this marvellous effect of beauty by one master brain, or by many? For never before, in any age, in any country, has there been so wonderful an arrangement of lovely buildings as at Chicago in the present year of grace! The Hanging Gardens of Babylon—which some of us may remember as belonging to a previous existence—were fine. There were some very fine things in Rome, especially when Nero was emperor and architect, but the common people saw little of his palace. There was rather a nice little show in London thirty years ago, and another, not without its points, in Philadelphia, seventeen years ago. But no where, at any time, has there been presented to the world any group of buildings so entirely beautiful in themselves and in their arrangement, as this group at Chicago, which they call the World's Fair.

"No one who has not seen these buildings believes those who unreservedly proclaim the unexampled beauty of the group. Why? First, because, as maintained above, description cannot describe; and next, because out of America, no one believes that there are any beautiful buildings in America; and thirdly, because, to the English mind, Chicago presents itself as the most prosaic spot on the whole of this earth."

EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON ON SUNDAY CLOSING

"Points of Interest" is the title of ex-President Harrison's short paper on the World's Fair, but he devotes the most of it to the Sunday closing question:—"It is not pleasant to have our foreign visitors see a national exposition open on Sunday which the law of congress requires to be closed on that day. In everything else Chicago has done so magnificently that this bad break is the more to be regretted. But I have no sympathy with those who threaten to boycott the exposition on account of Sunday opening. The Sabbath observer does not refuse to avail himself of the Monday train because of the Sunday train. No more should we deny ourselves the inspiring and instructive spectacle which the 'White City' offers on week days. If the American Sabbath, that great conservator of health and social order, to say nothing of its higher uses, is not illustrated, there is much to the praise of man and to the glory of man's Creator to be seen, without involving the spectator in Sabbath desecration."

"The Arena"

In the *Arena* the Rev. Howard MacQueary writes in a free and easy manner of "Moral and Immoral Literature." Mr. MacQueary, it will be remembered, caused some disturbance in his Western parish by his peculiar interpretation of Bible texts. In the present article he has the courage of his convictions; but there is a good deal in it he might have left unsaid. In concluding his paper, Mr. MacQueary says:—

"What, then, is moral and what is immoral literature? Certainly such books as those cited cannot rightfully be considered 'immoral.' They deal with the great passions of human nature and the common facts of experience, and their object is to elevate the mind and ennoble the heart. This gives them a high moral character. A book is not immoral simply because it discusses ugly sins; but when it lacks a spark of talent or a lofty purpose it is both degrading to the mind and depraving to the heart. When obscenity is introduced merely for the sake of being vulgar, or to create a sensation and make money, then the writer is worthy of the utmost condemnation, and we make sure he will receive it quickly from all truly refined and enlightened people. Literary trash, therefore, whether it be the nickel or dime novel, the detective story, the flashy, sensational novel, or the sentimental twaddle of the *dilettante litterateur*, is demoralizing, and should be strictly eschewed by all classes of readers, from the waiting-maid and shoeblack to the *savant*. Better to read nothing at all, than to read what will neither enlighten the mind nor purify the soul nor fire the heart with generous ambitions and aspirations. There is absolutely no excuse for anyone's reading inferior literature, for the best books may be had as cheaply as the worst—at a merely nominal cost. It is said, however, that it is useless to write and preach against

vicious literature, for the children of this world are wiser on this subject than the children of light."

After discussing the moral in literature to some extent he continues:—

"It must not be inferred from the above that the writer believes that all literature ought to have a moral—that every poem or novel should contain a sermon. On the contrary, the literary genius will never 'preach.' He will simply paint nature and man in their true colors, and let the moral take care of itself. This is the secret of Shakespeare's wonderful power. He shows us human nature in all its grandeur or in all its degradation; he presents *embodiments* of good and evil, and lets us take our choice, knowing full well that we will choose rightly, or, if not, that no amount of moralizing and preaching will force us to make such a choice. While the French writers are, perhaps, too careless about the moral tone and purpose of their books, English writers are apt to run to the other extreme, and tire us by their eternal sermonizing. Give us truth and life, and let us do our own moralizing."

"The Review of Reviews"

This magazine has five special articles in this number—"The Situation in Colorado," "Prof. von Holst on Silver," a character sketch of Lady Henry Somerset by Mr. Stead, the story of Joan of Arc retold, and "Engineer Ferris and his Wonderful Wheel." Of the wheel itself, the writer says:—

"It is not easy for the mind to grasp the stupendous nature of this undertaking. The wheel itself is two hundred and fifty feet in diameter; at its highest point it is two hundred and sixty-eight feet above the earth. That is to say, if Bunker Hill monument were used as a yardstick to measure it, the towering monolith would fall short fifty feet. If the wheel were set in Broadway, by the side of Trinity spire, it would lift the passengers of its cars to a level of that soaring steeple. The obelisk of Luxor or Trajan's pillar, at Rome, would not be long enough to serve as a radial spoke.

"Then, again, as to its enormous weight. The Niagara cantilever, just below the falls, was looked upon as an engineering wonder when it was built. Its construction required three years. The Ferris wheel was built in five months, and its weight is four times that of the Niagara bridge. The St. Louis bridge was another wonder, and its weight is about equal to that of the big wheel complete. The Cincinnati cantilever is another huge bridge; it is 1300 feet, a quarter of a mile long, and it would about balance the scale with Mr. Ferris's big toy. And the one is set immovable, resting on two supports, while the wheel is swung upon an axle lifted 140 feet in the air. It has 36 cars, and in these two regiments of soldiery could be seated and swept with an almost imperceptible motion high above the White Wonder."

Magazine Notes

Macmillan's Magazine for September contains four chapters of Blackmore's "Perlycross"; a glimpse into the soul of Henry of Navarre in selections from his letters; a short biographical essay on Angelica Kauffmann, "Dwellers in Arcady," by Mrs. Ritchie; and a sketch of the great Friend, George Fox, which is most interesting—of the nervous, excitable boy and youth, the persecuted man, whose homeless old age was passed in work in England and on the North Sea European coast, which death alone checked.

The Educational Review contains the following:—A sketch of the life, character and work of the late Gen. S. C. Armstrong, by Herbert Welsh of Philadelphia; "Literary Spirit in the Colleges," by Prof. Stoddard of the University of New York; "The Educational Ideas of Leland Stanford," by President Jordan of Stanford University; "The Old and the New Geometry," by Prof. Halsted of the University of Texas; and "International Educational Congresses of 1893," by Richard Waterman, Jr., of the University of Chicago. The address on "The Teaching of Civic Duty," delivered before the London College of Preceptors by Prof. James Bryce, is given in full.

The September *New England Magazine* opens with a paper on "The Literary Associations of Berkshire" which will be read with interest by all readers of the magazine and with interest mingled with pride by those who have their homes on the elm-crowned hills of western Massachusetts. The article is illustrated with landscape views and portraits. No illustrations, however, can do justice to the beautiful country through which the Housatonic glides in its serpentine course.

The Lounger

THE PHILADELPHIA *Medical News* has begun a crusade against unnecessary noises in cities. It not only declares that steam-whistles, church and factory bells, and the cries of itinerant

venders are disease-producing, but proves it. If this be true in Philadelphia, which is supposed to be brooded over by Quaker-like quiet and where the street cries are musical, as everyone can testify who has ever heard the catfish vender and the hawkers of strawberries, what must it be in New York? I believe that if there were such a thing as a noise-gauge, it would show New York to be the noisiest city in the world and Broadway its noisiest street. Furthermore, I am convinced that the noisiness of this city is much more responsible for the nervous ailments that affect its citizens than are business or other worries. Now that the clanging cable-car has taken possession of Broadway, the last straw has been laid upon the camel's back. Think of being unable to make yourself heard by your companion as you walk along the principal thoroughfare of a great city. And as for making oneself heard when driving in New York streets, it is impossible; yet I recall very pleasant talks while bowling over the London asphalt in cabs with rubber-tired wheels. It is not surprising the average New York woman has such a high-pitched, rasping voice. Did you ever have a Fifth Avenue stage come to a stand-still when you were trying to explain something to the friend sitting beside you? If you have had this experience, you will know how you have started in alarm at the sound of your own voice. Down-town is, if anything, worse than up-town. I have had occasion to visit the neighborhood of the Post Office several times recently, and I hope that I shall be spared that infliction for some time to come. The noises of lower Broadway and Printing-House Square beggar description. I don't wonder that the *Herald* flung tradition to the winds and came up-town. Noisy as that is, it is peaceful and quiet compared with the corner of Broadway and Ann Street.

AMONG INSTANCES of the fatal effects of noise, one need only mention the man who was driven to suicide by the chimes of Grace Church. In certain circumstances the sound of chiming bells is musical and not unsoothing, but when mixed in with the clanging of the cable-car gongs, the thundering of cart-wheels over the cobblestones and all the other evidences of activity in New York streets, it serves only to excite the nerves already screwed beyond concert pitch. The death of Leech, the famous caricaturist, was hastened, if not caused, by his sensitiveness to noise. Schopenhauer, who is admitted to have been an intelligent observer of men and things, says that a man's intellect may be measured by his endurance of noise; and he never knew a man with a barking dog in his back-garden who was not a fool. I do not intend to dispute so eminent an authority.

BUT WHERE is one to go for quiet. To the country? No, not unless it be to the forest primeval. And even there I fear he would be disturbed by the strange noises of wild beasts and the roaring of the winds through the tree-tops. The country is noisy because it is so quiet. From my piazza I can hear people talking who are blocks away. My opposite neighbor has a rooster whose favorite time for crowing is five o'clock A.M. and whose favorite place is under my window. The donkey that browses in the orchard up the hill lifts his voice to "he-haw" every time a child or an animal passes within sight; the Italians who huddle together in a low black shanty down the road make night hideous with an accordion, and through the stillness I can distinctly hear the scuffle of their hob-nailed shoes as they dance, dance, dance (after a hard day's work, too) till they drop. Then, nearly half a mile away is the railroad. I can hear the roaring of the trains as they rush over the trestle, and at the station, even further away, I hear them pant and blow as they go and come. In the noisiness of the city these noises would be lost, but in the quiet of the country they are very audible. The advantage of the country noises, however, is that they are not continuous. There are flashes of golden silence that give one time to rest and forget the turmoil of the town.

I AM GLAD to be upheld, in my belief in the efficacy of sleep, by so vigorous and alert a veteran as Sir William Fraser. I have always maintained, with Young, that balmy sleep is nature's sweet restorer. It is better than any quantity of drugs; but, like drugs, one may take too much of it. The man who sleeps soundly for seven or eight hours every night is equipped for the day's fight better than he knows. I met a man the other day who looked completely worn out. "We have been moving our office," he said in reply to the question he saw in my face, "and I haven't been in bed for three nights. I am going home now and I shall sleep for twenty-four hours without stopping; then I shall be as bright as a lark." He was quite right, and nothing but sleep would restore his mind and body. No other stimulant would do it.

THE ABSURD IDEA that prolonged sleeping indicates a feeble mind, Sir William Fraser says, "is directly the contrary of the truth. An active intellect must require much repose." "Physicians

admit," he adds, "that, so far from long-lived people having been usually early-risers, exactly the contrary is the fact."

"One hears of a 'fine old man,' who invariably rises at six o'clock: the reason being that the fine old man cannot sleep: the fine old man would be a much finer old man if he could sleep. I remember asking Mr. Quintin Dick, whom I have referred to in several places, who lived to a very great age, over ninety, whether he had ever had any rule in life about early rising, or early going to bed: he replied that he had never had any rule of the sort: that he had gone to bed when he felt inclined; and had got up when he felt inclined: that neither in this, nor in anything else, had he ever in these matters done what he felt disinclined for."

All I can say of Mr. Quintin Dick is that he was as lucky as he was old. It is self-evident that he never lived in the suburbs and had to catch an early train to town. No, Mr. Quintin Dick was a Sybarite.

M. PAUL BOURGET, who is visiting America with his wife, reads English fluently but speaks it with hesitation. He prefers, however, when talking with English people or Americans, to speak their own language, being anxious to become as proficient in its use as Mme. Bourget is. No one, hearing the latter speak English would, suspect her of being other than an Englishwoman.

ARGUS WRITES:—"The story about the weighing of Thackeray's brain, told in *The Critic's* notice of Sir William Fraser's 'Hic et Ubique,' reminds me of what was current at the time. Only a few weeks before his death I saw him stalking along Ficcadilly with that queer stare or glare that seemed to sweep in the whole parish at each stride. I turned to look again at the enormous head, the bigger for its silvery mane. It was said he was vain of the size of his cranium, and ordered his brain to be weighed after death. Sir James Yorke Simpson, the great surgeon of Edinburgh, had a huge pate, and his brain, if I remember rightly, weighed more than any then known. Whether Thackeray was hoping to go the Scotchman one better, I don't know; but if so, it was well the satirist was leagues outside the planet when the fizzle came off, for his brain weighed less than average, so I remember hearing at the time. 'Infinite riches in a little room' holds good of the brain-pans of genius as a rule, so I somehow fancy."

EVERY WOMAN whose name is in the New York "Social Register" has probably received within the past few weeks a letter in a feminine handwriting, beginning, "My dear Mrs." (or "Miss")—whatever her surname may be—and continuing thus:—

"I do not know who wrote last, but for some days I have been thinking of writing to you. You will see by the head of my letter where I am. I think you told me once that you had been to —, is it not lovely? As a friend said to me last night, 'the hills are as bold and beautiful as the Isle of Wight, combined with the softness of Leamington.' For my part I think it is more like Devonshire. * * * I have been much interested in looking through —, a new hotel which will be opened Sept. 1 for two months, built by Mr. —. Would that more cultured people had such hobbies, what delights the country would then have! It is an Elizabethan structure, much resembling Lord —'s place in Killarney with an approach to an open court. As one drives in, it takes but little imagination to see Mr. Pickwick or Sam Weller standing on the upper verandas as they did at the old 'White Horse.' The inside of the house, and its atmosphere of home is unique—books and pictures everywhere—curios from all parts of the world scattered around. Each room has been planned and fitted *con amore*. I do wish you could see it, and I know that you would enjoy a few weeks in the bracing mountain air this fall. * * * I hope you are enjoying your summer, and that I shall see you when I return to the city in the fall. My love to Francis. As ever, sincerely yours,

I have substituted dashes for the proper names; for otherwise I should be only advertising the hotel. Perhaps some people will be taken by this sort of circular; but for my part the allusions to "Pickwick," curios, Devonshire and the Isle of Wight are simply sickening. I should expect to find at the hotel not an "atmosphere of home," but an atmosphere of deceit, and I am glad to know that at least one woman who has received this circular regards it as offensively impertinent.

London Letter

THAT ONE SOLACE of the silly season—the making and remarking of "booms"—is once more in full swing. It used to be *The Daily Telegraph* that was responsible for these labyrinths of correspondence; but now *The Chronicle* has followed its example, and for the last few days we have been inundated with letters on the subject of suicide. Some unhappy youth shot himself in the waiting-room at Liverpool Street Station; whereupon Mr. William

Archer, the dramatic critic, concocted a letter, recommending the institution of a Lethal Chamber, and a series of automatic execution-machines, where you should put a penny in the slot and acquire for yourself the happy despatch. It was rather a grim subject to try to joke upon; and Mr. Richard Le Gallienne replied in no half-terms, advocating with inspiring enthusiasm the joy of life and glories of struggle. Mr. Harold Frederic, too, has had his say; and any number of correspondents unknown to fame have joined the controversy. Meanwhile Mr. W. T. Stead has set the ball rolling in a contrary direction. He has written to *The Chronicle*, asking that the friends of six genuine drunkards will communicate with him, with the view to the experiment of a new cure upon their afflicted relations. The drunkards may apply in person, if necessary; but Mr. Stead would sooner hear from their friends in the first instance. Every kind of hilarity may be expected from so astounding a request. Mischief-makers are, doubtless, sending up the names of their dearest foes in shoals; and Mr. Stead's writing-table must be a sight to discourage him of a morning. As yet, I believe, the selection of the fortunate six is incomplete.

It is strange how difficult it is to make the English reader take kindly to foreign authors. There is so little interest in translations that their publication passes almost unobserved, and we have had a striking example of this during the present week. Messrs. Digby Long & Co. have recently issued a translation by Judge Stephen of Barilli's novel, "The Princess's Private Secretary," and no less authoritative a paper than *The Times* remarked, in noticing its appearance, that it was the first Italian novel to be translated into English. And yet we have had Mr. Heinemann's edition of Matilde Serao's "Fantasy," while Mr. Fisher Unwin has published one or two of Verga's stories. It might seem as though this were merely a case of a reviewer napping, but it is more than that. It is all part of the insular neglect of foreign writers which is one of the most marked features of the London book-market. Mr. Heinemann's "International Library" has, I believe, been widely read; but then that particular series has the advantage of biographical and critical introductions by a distinguished man-of-letters. It is often more from a desire to learn something of a new author's parentage and personality than from any inclination towards his work, that the reader orders one of these books from the library. We have not even a complete translation of Balzac in England. Messrs. Routledge attempted one, but, as it has never been concluded, I suppose that they found it unpalatable to their clients' taste. It is a great pity. So much bad fiction of home manufacture is produced from month to month, that one feels it would be well to give some of the time wasted on its perusal to the study of the masterpieces of Continental literature. But there seems little enough hope at present.

The Independent Theatre will start another season with the autumn, and their programme is just ready. It includes a representation of M. Strindberg's "The Father," of Ibsen's "The Wild Duck," and of one of Zola's comedies. Here we seem to have some appreciation of the Continent, it is true; but the supporters of the Independent Theatre form but a very small body. It is to be regretted that they have not a wider influence, for their programme for this season is an interesting one.

The book of the week is distinctly the eighth volume of Mr. Alfred H. Miles's "Poets and Poetry of the Century"—which deals with Mr. Robert Bridges and the Contemporary Poets, concluding with Mr. Kipling. Two volumes are to follow, one devoted to the Sacred poets, and one to the humorists. The present volume is an extremely readable one; but Mr. Miles has been too generous in inclusion, and several of the poets for whom he has found a place are quite unknown to fame. Still the book will be, when it is completed, one of the fullest and most painstaking anthologies ever collected.

"On Sledge and Horseback to Outcast Siberian Lepers," that singular record of Miss Kate Marsden's adventures which was published in America by the Cassell Publishing Co., and here by the Record Press, has, I understand, met with considerable success in both countries. It is now to be followed by something like a full biography of Miss Marsden. Certain inaccurate accounts of Miss Marsden's life have got abroad, and to correct any misapprehensions, Mr. H. Johnston, the editor of the earlier work, has prepared a brief but authoritative biographical sketch, which will be published in the autumn. If it were not that our enthusiasms pale so rapidly, one would predict a vigorous vogue for such a book. Probably, even as it is, the work will find many readers.

A book of a more literary cast to be published shortly is a volume of etchings by Mr. Walter W. Burgess, illustrating "Bits of Old Chelsea," with descriptive letter-press from the pens of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne and Mr. Lionel Johnson. There will be pictures of Cheyne Walk, of the houses of Carlyle, George Eliot, Dante Rossetti, Turner and Mr. Whistler; and Americans will probably find a special welcome for a history of a neighbourhood which is so full

of association, and which is, at the same time, gradually giving ground before the advances of the building contractor. It is well to preserve a record of it before its quaint old corners are supplied with modern flats.

LONDON, 25 August, 1893.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

WHILE THE BLIZZARD raged out of doors on Tuesday of last week, it was cheerful enough in the summer home of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes at Beverly, for then was celebrated the 84th birthday of the Autocrat. To be sure, there were not as many callers as usual, and for that the storm alone was responsible, but there were letters and flowers to show that the sunny life of the genial poet was remembered by all his friends. Even from London came a cablegram reading, "Happy returns from three Motley sisters." This was sent by the daughters of the historian—Lady Harcourt, Mrs. Sheldon and Mrs. Mildmay. A letter came, too, from Edmund Gosse and another from Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, who is now in England. From Sarah Orne Jewett came an autograph copy of her "Tales of New England," while a solid silver letter-scale bore the greetings of Mrs. Whitman, the artist. Flowers poured in, in abundance—from Major and Mrs. Henry L. Higginson, from Mrs. William H. Moore of Chicago, and from Mrs. John Phillips, who also called with her son, George Wendell Phillips; and, apropos of the latter's call, Dr. Holmes said that his memory could carry him back to the mother of John Phillips, who was the father of Wendell Phillips, and the first Mayor of Boston. Mrs. John L. Gardner sent a most unique present: a mantel ornament, representing a woman with a dress of glass holding sands of the desert. It was Dr. Holmes's calculation that there were a million and a half sands in that glass, this estimate being based upon countings he had made some years ago to ascertain the amount of space taken up by sand. President William H. Baldwin of the B. Y. M. C. U. telegraphed his congratulations, and other words of pleasant remembrance came from other friends.

Among the quoted bits of information which Dr. Holmes gave to various callers were these: He had not read Mary Wilkins's novel, "Jane Field," but had enjoyed her shorter stories. Lew Wallace's books he had not read, but Dr. Edward Everett Hale's "Reminiscences" interested him greatly. On the old Julian Hawthorne-James Russell Lowell controversy he had a decided opinion, but "would not have that opinion printed for \$500." Referring to Whittier, he said:—"I began writing in 1830, sixty-three years ago, and the reason I think Whittier began at about the same time is that I recall that Snelling wrote a poem at the time, criticising all the poets who were having their works published. It was a saucy, impudent sort of a poem, and dealt pretty severely with Whittier." Dr. Holmes added that he was doing no literary work this summer, as his secretary was away, and about all the writing he cared to do was taken up in answering letters. Of course he has been busy, as every one must expect, in measuring big trees, for we all know that the Autocrat has never stopped carrying that tape-measure in his pocket. Four trees he has found of especial interest in the immediate vicinity of his Beverly home; they measure more than fifteen feet around. With some indignation he referred to the placing of telephone poles opposite a large tree which he discovered in North Beverly, voicing his feelings in these words to a newspaper man:—"To see those insignificant poles sticking up beside that magnificent tree made me angry. It struck me at once that a perfect companion-picture would be a painting of General Washington, standing beside his horse, leaning on a crutch. Those poles looked as if they were placed there to support the noble branches of that elm. This particular elm was a little under fifteen feet in girth, so it does not deserve especial mention as one of the big trees. I can generally tell at a glance whether a tree is over fifteen feet around, and when I find one that is larger than that, I measure it and give it a sort of mark of approbation." It may well be noted here, especially as Dr. Holmes himself often refers to the fact, that he was born in the same year (1809) with the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, Lord Tennyson, Gladstone, Darwin and Abraham Lincoln.

Picking up two books on the counter of Damrell & Upham the other day, I found myself very much interested in them, for the reason that a visit to Hampton on my part had led me to a story bearing upon the text of these works. The books I refer to have just been published by the Old Corner Book-Store, and are especially interesting from the fact that one, "Leif's House in Vineland," is the posthumous work of Prof. Horsford, and the other is "A Guide-Book to Norumbega and Vineland," written by a lady whose regard for the late discoverer of Leif's landing-place leads her to dedicate the book to his memory—Elizabeth G. Sheppard. Bound with Prof. Horsford's article is a story of "The Graves of the Northmen," written by his daughter, Cornelia Horsford. All-

the time before Prof. Horsford died, he called his daughter to him to discuss the traces of the homes of the Icelanders found on the banks of the Charles, bade her buy the land where he declared once stood the house of Thorfinn and discover for herself that missing homestead. Miss Horsford has entered enthusiastically upon her work and now publishes her investigations. She tells her story in a most entertaining way but has not yet finished her task of exploration. What I intended particularly to mention was the allusion in the "Guide-Book" to the landing-place of Thorwald. According to the author, this brother of Leif, after exploring the Charles River and, later on, being driven upon Cape Cod, sailed away to the eastward into the bays along by Plymouth. Then he landed upon the Gurnet, and there met his death at the hands of the Skrælings. "He requested that a cross be put at his head and one at his feet and the place be called Krossaness (Cape of Crosses)." Now, at Hampton the old settlers tell another story. About half a mile from Boar's Head was recently uncovered a stone boulder marked with crosses, and this is claimed by the Hampton historians to be the headstone over Thorwald's grave. I will not go into the details by which they seek to justify this idea, but their arguments follow out the description of Thorwald's last expedition almost as well as do those of the writers who seek to place his grave in Massachusetts soil.

BOSTON, 5 Sept., 1893.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

The Cosmopolitan devotes all but a few pages of its September number to the Fair, describing it from many points of view, and illustrating the articles profusely. Taken altogether the series gives to an outsider a more comprehensive idea of the different kinds of pleasure to be found at the Exposition than the other magazines have succeeded in doing. Indeed, none of the others have attempted to study more than one section of the vast show at a time. But here it is different. John Brisben Walker treats it as a college of democracy, estimating its instructive effect upon the people; Price Collier discusses the foreign buildings; Ellen M. Benet in the woman's exhibit; Julian Hawthorne the "foreign folk" in the Midway, a subject worthy of more serious attention than it has received prior to this article; and the departments of industrial art, electricity, transportation, mines and ethnology are considered by different specialists. Hobart Chatfield-Taylor treats it from the point of view of society, and ex-President Harrison from that of the casual visitor.

But it is from Walter Besant's lively, rambling sketch that the dearest impression of the Fair as a whole is borne away. "What I have desired all my life," he says, "is an Exhibition without exhibits, and at Chicago that great and long-felt want is provided. There are, I believe, exhibits provided in the buildings, if you choose to go and look at them. But you need not." And he shows one conclusively that there are better things to do at this Exposition than to weary body and brain with miles of confusing exhibits. "Then again," he writes, after discussing the bigness and the unexpectedness of the White City, "the poetry of the thing! Did the conception spring from one brain, like the *liad*? Were these buildings—every one, to the unprofessional eye, a miracle of beauty—thus arranged so as to produce this marvellous effect of beauty by one master brain, or by many? For never before, in any age, in any country, has there been so wonderful an arrangement of lovely buildings as at Chicago in the present year of grace!" It may be timely to answer one or two of these questions, for the general plan of the grounds and buildings was certainly the work of one brain, that of John Wellborn Root, whose devotion to the interests of the Fair cost him his life. This fact is well known in Chicago, where several of the papers have recently printed long eulogies of this brilliant architect; but outside of the city where the history of the building of the Fair is less familiar, his part in it, vital as it was to its success and beauty, is not widely recognized. To him and to Mr. Olmsted, the landscape architect, "the poetry of the thing" is mainly due.

It is pleasant to discover also from Mr. Besant's article that the finer, more elusive qualities of Chicago appealed to him. He comments upon the fact that English travellers that have written of the city "dwell upon everything that is in Chicago except that side of it which is revealed in the World's Fair. Yes, it is a very busy place," he adds; "its wealth is boundless, but it has been able to conceive somehow, and has carried into execution somehow, the greatest and most poetical dream that we have ever seen. Call it no more the White City on the Lake; it is Dreamland. Apollo and the Muses with the tinkling of their lyres drown the bells of the train and the trolley; the people dream epics; Art and Music and Poetry belong to Chicago; the Hub of the Universe is transferred from Boston to Chicago; this place must surely become, in

the immediate future, the centre of the nobler world—the world of Art and Letters."

This is all very agreeable to our modest city which feels the truth of any commendation, but hesitates to make such dazzling predictions for itself. In a later paragraph, however, Mr. Besant sees even deeper into the causes of the city's success. "It is a very good thing for all of us," he writes in closing, "especially for those who live in cities, and easily fall into the belief that 'all the world is old, and all the leaves are brown, and all the tales are told, and all the wheels run down,' that the world is, on the other hand, still quite young and vigorous; that there are places where the abounding vitality of youth is always in evidence; that there is no past but that of childhood, and the present is nothing but an eager race, a contest of athletes, and the future is—they know not what, save that they live in sure and certain hope and faith that it is rich and splendid and that there will be glorious battle for the foremost prize. Such a place is the Capital of the West; of such youth and strength are the actual working burgesses of that city." Here he has touched one of the springs of action which have made Chicago what it is; the zest for conquest, the love of "glorious battle" has influenced the men of the West as distinctly as though they had been warriors in very truth. And behind it all is a serene confidence in their ultimate supremacy. Even Octave Uzanne, little as he liked it, felt the power of this "formidable city," whose "superb, phenomenal barbarity" was so foreign, he thought, to the "singing, dreamy soul of the Latin races." He recognized the "Titanic quality of the place, its grandeur and its diabolical power," though he was blind to many a quality manifest to the clear-sighted Englishman.

Several of the New York papers have complacently betrayed of late a large amount of ignorance on the subject of the medals awarded by the jury on fine arts. The *Times* rejoices that the American artists who live at home received more medals than their expatriated brothers, and the *World* is much concerned because the foreign-Americans, like Harrison, Stewart and Melchers, were not publicly honored. The fact of the matter is that there is no reason for either pleasure or regret, for as I have stated before, these artists and many others withdrew their pictures from competition. No less than one hundred and eight Americans were in this way out of the contest, so general was the dissatisfaction in regard to the system of awarding medals of one grade only.

CHICAGO, 5 September, 1893.

LUCY MONROE.

"Social Test-Words"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

My first reading of "Social Test-Words" left me in a quandary: I did not feel sure whether it was written in good faith or not; and I was inclined to be very angry at such liberties taken with our sacred language. Upon second reading, however, instead of finding the article thoroughly faulty, I found several points that seemed especially wrong—that is, with the hypothesis that "Social Test-Words" is to be taken seriously. There are several little mistakes, in the matter of the sounds of the letter *a* and the like, which, minute as they are, afford incontrovertible evidence that "New Englander" cannot speak with that authority so obvious and convincing in the utterances of a scholar. Another weakness in the argument lies in the fact that, while the law is proclaimed as to all the land, yet the writer maintains that the law must be obtained from a class (designated as "leaders in fashion in clothes, speech, attitude," etc.) to which comparatively few have access. If our aristocracy is so exclusive and hard of approach, is it not very severe to judge outsiders by its high standards? This would be perfectly just if "New Englander" were discussing a code of orthoëpic rules for the most exclusive circles of society; but when considering abstract correctness of pronunciation, it is ridiculous for him to disregard the fact that a by no means inconsiderable part of our cultured people live in the smaller cities and larger towns, where they have but little opportunity of catching every mannerism as soon as it appears. These people, however, are guided by the best authority to be found in dictionaries and books, and, from the nature of their circumstances, being slow to acquire novel forms, have a great influence upon the use of the English language in this country, which ought not to be counted out in any proposed reorganization of that tongue.—Also, the writer seemed to me to be expressing an unfavorable opinion of the teachers in the public schools: that they are often to be blamed for much of the mispronunciation of their pupils. While the accusation of pronouncing the word *Latin* as college instructors do does not strongly demand refutation, I will say that, in a wide acquaintance with public school teachers, I have invariably found them careful in matters of pronunciation and eager to avail themselves of any new or old sources of information on the subject.—I have, once or twice in my uneventful life, had the great good fortune to feel the influence of the

modern Athens sufficiently to perceive that the great god Pan is there worshipped under the name of "good form," and to appreciate how serious an error it would be for a lesser Bostonian to give to a word a different pronunciation from that of one of the great lights of refinement. But, lenient as I feel toward such a transgressor, I can but be profoundly thankful that the great body of cultured and conservative Americans will continue in their correct methods of speech (and will give just its proper value to the unaccented last syllable of dissyllabic words ending in a liquid), regardless of the artificial tests invented by a certain small and well-defined division of metropolitan society.

BROOKLYN, 24 Aug., 1893. ANOTHER NEW ENGLANDER.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Shades of our ancestors, what next! *Tomarto*, indeed! We meekly gave up *tomayto* sometime ago. We even learned *tomdo* at the request of "The Century Dictionary," and wondered why not *tomakto*. I had an aunt once who called them habitually *fmattoses*. But *tomarto*—not if we die for it! Here we stand; we can do no other!

PARK COLLEGE, PARKVILLE, MO., AUG. 23.

C. B. M.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Tomayto does very well to indicate the long sound of *a*; but when "New Englander" writes *tomarto* to indicate the broad sound—not the *short* sound, as "New Englander" calls it—the combination is one to make angels weep. We have no idea that "New Englander" himself pronounces the word as he writes it. * * * I would suggest that "New Englander" leave the *r* out of his spelling of the pronunciation of tomato altogether, or else put it on at the end, where so many New Englanders put it, when the next word begins with a vowel, and say, for example, "This *tomakter* is ripe." He would then, at least, have respectable, even if indiscriminating company.—Another thing troubles "New Englander." He finds that the dressmakers and the carpenters in his locality pronounce the vowels in the unaccented syllables of such words as *novel*, *Latin*, *curtain*, *mountain*, etc., and that the members of society do not. They say *nov'l*, *Lat'n*, *curt'n* and *moun't'n*. Alas for society! The dressmakers and the carpenters have doubtless at some periods of their lives attended the public schools, in which "New Englander" understands that the pupils are actually *taught* to say Latin and not *Lat'n*. "Society" probably does not. There are people not in "society" who do not attend the public schools, and they do not pronounce the vowel in the unaccented syllable either. They say: "She am read'n' de las' nov'l"; "Pull down de cut'n's"; "We'se gon't to de moun't'ns."—Now if "New Englander," whenever he is troubled as to the pronunciation of a word of this class, would look in his Webster again, instead of listening to the fashionable drawl of "society," and would notice very particularly whether the vowel in the unaccented syllable is *italicized* or not, he would know whether to omit it or not in the pronunciation. He would find that, while it is correct to say *sev'n*, *heav'n*, *giv'n*, etc., and while the "churchman" who talks about the *e-vil* that the *dev-il* does, is only indulging in a bit of clerical mannerism, it is altogether wrong to say *curt'n* and *Lat'n*. Perhaps I ought to add that he will find no authority for either *curt'ing* or *seving*. "New Englander" made his appeal to the dictionary, like a little man, in the case of *tomakter*: let him continue this course and he will eventually learn to speak correctly, even if not in "good form." In conclusion, allow me to say that I have not the remotest idea who "New Englander" is. I am a New Englander myself. I lived in New England until I was twenty-five, and I am familiar with the orthoëpic peculiarities of the good people of those parts. The best of them undoubtedly have certain distressing ways of saying things; but not even the worst of them say: "*Parse me the barsket*."

BROOKLYN, 23 Aug., 1893.

CHARLES H. J. DOUGLAS.

Notes

HARPER & BROS. are bringing out "The Cliff-Dwellers," by Henry B. Fuller; "Nowadays, and Other Stories," by George A. Hibbard, and "The Work of John Ruskin: Its Influence on Modern Thought and Life," by Dr. Charles Waldstein. In Harper's Quarterly appears a new edition of the anonymous novel, "The Bread Winners," and to the Franklin Square Library is added "Half a Hero," by Anthony Hope.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will immediately publish, in their Salem Edition, Hawthorne's "Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys" and his "Snow-Image, and Other Twice-Told Tales"; also, in the Portland Edition, Longfellow's "Kavanagh." On Sept. 16, the same firm will issue "The Life and Writings of Jared Sparks," by Prof. Herbert B. Adams; and "The Petrie Estate" (author of "Two College Girls"), by Helen Dawes Brown, with new editions of the

latter novel and of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," "The Gayworthys," "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life" and "We Girls: a Home Story," by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney; of "An Average Man," by Robert Grant, and of "A Fellowe and His Wife," by Blanche Willis Howard and William Sharp.

—Mr. Moncure D. Conway writes from Ostend, to a friend in New York, that the first volume of his "Complete Works of Thomas Paine" will probably not be issued by the Putnams before next spring.

—A memoir of the late Duke of Clarence, to be published in a few weeks by Murray, will be copiously illustrated.

—The New York Shakespeare Society has begun to reprint in its Bantock Edition the archaic texts of the seventeen plays first printed in the Heminge and Condell Folio of 1623. "The Tempest," the first of these plays, will be issued in a few days. Of these new volumes, only 500 copies are printed, as before, hand-numbered to correspond with the 500 sets of the prior twenty volumes.

—Mr. William H. Rideing of *The North American Review* is in Europe on his usual summer business tour, but returns to this country in a few days.

—"The State Education of Women in France" is the title of a forthcoming article in *The Century*, written by Mr. Theodore Stanton, who has long been a resident of Paris, and has had access to valuable statistics furnished by the French Minister of Public Instruction.

—Stone & Kimball of Chicago announce Eugene Field's new book of "Profitable Tales," and a revised edition of Hamlin Garland's "Main-Travelled Roads," the latter having an introduction by Mr. Howells.

—The Hartford Seminary Press (Hartford, Conn.) is about to issue in attractive book-form a series of lectures on "The Ethics of Literary Art," by the poet and critic, Maurice Thompson. The lectures deal trenchantly with the "realistic" movement in recent fiction.

—Prof. Willard Fiske, who is continually adding to his magnificent Dante collection presented recently to Cornell University, is now in Chicago, but returns to this city soon and expects to sail for Europe toward the end of the month. While in Ithaca recently, he was the guest of President Schurman, who, by the way, is expected in New York shortly.

—Ione Estes Dodd has an interesting article on "American Architecture—Its Past and Promise" in *Fetter's Southern Magazine* for September.

—M. Paul Bourget contributed an interesting article to last Sunday's *Herald* on French realism in fiction. He has been for two weeks at Newport, where he received much attention from the summer residents. He is now at Pride's Crossing, the guest of Mrs. John L. Gardner of Boston.

—It is rumored that M. Got, the oldest actor at the Français, is preparing his reminiscences of the recent visit of the French players to London, as a sequel to his "Comédie Française à Londres" (1879).

—Mr. John Lockwood Kipling, Rudyard's father, now on a visit to his son's new home at Brattleboro, Vt., is described as "a courteous and engaging Englishman of the best type." Those who have met him in this city or upon his travels agree that he is of singular grace of manner and charm of conversation. He is pleased with all that America has shown him of its best. His life has been largely passed in the Indian Civil Service; and he is the author of a large and admirable work on "Man and Beast in India."

—One of our readers writes us as follows, apropos of Miss Lucy Monroe's praise of Theodore Thomas in a recent issue:—"Mr. Thomas's *Fidus Achates*, Mr. George H. Wilson of Boston—affable, generous and untiring—deserves a large share of the honor which attaches to the original conception of the musical program for the Exhibition. As the Secretary of the Bureau of Music, he labored indefatigably for two years, visited Europe last summer and went from one end of this country to the other,—all for the promotion of music at the Fair."

—The Rev. Dr. John Cunningham, who died last week at St. Andrew's, Scotland, was born at Paisley in 1819. He studied at the University of Glasgow, and later at Edinburgh. In 1836 he was appointed by the Crown to be Principal and Primarius Professor of Divinity in St. Mary's College, St. Andrew's. He was the author of religious books, as well as of many magazine articles.

—Mrs. Lucy M. Hooper, wife of Robert Hooper, ex-Vice-Consul-General at Paris, is dead in France. After cremation her remains will be sent to America for interment. Mrs. Hooper had been an active worker in journalism, and in 1880 wrote a book called "Up-

der the Tricolor," which made quite a stir in the American colony in Paris, as all the characters were supposed to represent prominent Americans.

—Miss Lucy C. Bull, who has established an office at 172 West 10th Street for the revision and copying of manuscripts, is fortunate in the commendations her work has received. Charles Dudley Warner, Annie Trumbull Slosson, Librarian Fletcher of Amherst College and Dr. Titus Munson Coan—himself a well-known expert in editing—are among her sponsors; and the quality of her occasional contributions to *The Critic* makes it a pleasure for the editors of this journal to join, unasked, in proclaiming her skill in this line of literary work.

The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question, for convenience of reference.]

ANSWERS

1711.—S. asks for the author of "Laugh, and the world laughs with you." It is Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

BLOOMINGTON, IND.

H. E. C.

Publications Received

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

Behnke, E., and Pearce, C. W. Voice-Training Primer. 75c. Novello, Ewer & Co.
Bread-Winners, The. 50c. Harper & Bros.
Bronth, C. The Professor. \$1. Macmillan & Co.
Bronth, C., E. and A., Poems of. \$1. Macmillan & Co.
Carlyle, G. Memoir of Adolph Saphir. \$2.25. F. H. Revell Co.
Croker, B. M. "To Let." \$1. Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Grant, R. The Opinions of a Philosopher. \$1. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Grant, R. Jack Hall. \$1.25. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Grant, R. Jack in the Bush. \$1.25. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Heintz, A. Wagner's Master-Singers of Nuremberg. Tr. by C. Bache. 12. 6d. Novello, Ewer & Co.
Heintz, A. Wagner's Tristan and Isolde. Tr. by C. Bache. 12. 6d. Novello, Ewer & Co.
Heintz, A. Wagner's Parsifal. Tr. by C. Bache. 12. 6d. Novello, Ewer & Co.
Hope, A. Half a Hero. 50c. Harper & Bros.
Hyde, M. F. Advanced Lessons in English. 65c. D. C. Heath & Co.
Kenworthy, J. C. The Anatomy of Misery. 12. London: Wm. Reeves.
Orpen, A. E. Chronicles of the Sid. \$2. F. H. Revell Co.
Southworth, E. D. E. N. A Skeleton in the Closet. 50c. Robt. Bonner's Sons.
Stevens's Facsimiles of MSS. Vol. XVIII. \$25. London: B. F. Stevens.
Stevenson, R. L. David Balfour. \$1.50. Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Thayer, W. M. Ethics of Success. Boston: A. M. Thayer & Co.
Vergil's Aeneid. Book VII. Ed. by W. C. Collar. 50c. Ginn & Co.

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